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Things in General.

A CONDITION of things is prevalent in Canada at the present time which is not only improper, but intolerable. It is true that much British money was invested in the Grand Trunk, and that some outside money was spent in building the Canadian Pacific, but I am quite within the facts when I say that Canada practically built and equipped both roads. Canada also built the Intercolonial; it was a part of the inter-provincial bargain at the time of Confederation. Now the Intercolonial is cornered, and the Dominion Government is cornered, by the G.T.R. and the C.P.R., who appear anxious that they shall either possess the Government road or practically put it out of business.

It is not the habit of "Saturday Night" to engage in lengthy statistical or transportation topics, but for once I ask my readers to follow this question through a column or two, and I think I can justify the time that they will spend, by presenting an absolute cure for the situation which now exists.

When the fast Atlantic service was proposed, the question which settled the fate of the whole business was one which I propounded myself: How were the vessels to find a cargo at Halifax or St. John? The question was a very simple one, and yet it apparently had not occurred to either the late Government or the present one. The Grand Trunk has its line from Montreal to Portland, Me., and it carries its shipments over its own rails as far as possible. The C.P.R. has a short line through Maine to St. John, and if it carries its shipments to that port it can dictate its traffic rates to Government steamers, or any steamers, because it has the right to charter its own ships and will make as much money as possible. The fast Atlantic service depended upon being able to get some sort of a cargo, as well as passengers, at Halifax or St. John. The C.P.R., being in possession of the shortest line, could take the passenger traffic from the Intercolonial, and the Canadian Government would simply be feeding a private corporation. To this, of course, the Grand Trunk objected, yet neither is willing to contribute to the success of the Intercolonial, which is being starved and sucked dry by these two railroad corporations.

At the present juncture, the C.P.R. has flatly told the Government that if they cannot have something similar to their old-time lease of the Intercolonial from St. John to Halifax, they will divert their traffic to Boston. Now we stand in front of the proposition of the Grand Trunk unloading its freight at Portland, and the C.P.R. carrying its freight to Boston, in both cases shutting out the Intercolonial, destroying any prospects that we might have of building up Canadian ports, and at the same time starving the Intercolonial, which, it must be admitted, is a long and somewhat devious track between Montreal and Halifax.

Neither road has a right to treat Canada as Canada is being treated, and yet we cannot expect anything different from corporations which only exist to earn dividends and are entirely oblivious of the fact that they and their subsidiary roads were heavily bonused.

Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, seems to be in a quandary. All traffic over both the great roads, the G.T.R. and the C.P.R., which is coast-bound, is liable to evade the Intercolonial altogether, and go to the two ports named, Portland and Boston. Mr. Blair is probably not a railroad man, but he cannot fail to remember that the C.P.R. blocked the building of a railroad through the Boundary Country of British Columbia on the ground that it would take traffic from a Canadian road and give it to the Kettle River proposition. This was using legislation to aid a railroad, on the ground that the Canadian Pacific would bring its trade from the East and keep it within the confines of the Dominion.

The way to block both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk in their present opposition to the Intercolonial, which is owned by the people, and owned by a people who could well afford to run it at a loss rather than build up ports which have no use for Canada and which are located in a foreign country, is to use the preferential tariff to divert traffic to Canadian ports. What can be done without the slightest trouble is to declare that the preferential tariff of thirty-three and one-third per cent, which exists between Great Britain and Canada, shall only apply to goods landed direct from Great Britain at a Canadian port; that if the traffic comes through a foreign country it will be subject to the same tariff which is imposed on the goods of the country through which it is hauled. Nearly \$40,000,000 worth of imports, much of which now goes by way of New York, Boston and Portland, would thus be directed to Halifax or St. John, and this would make quite a business for a railroad. The discrimination in favor of Great Britain would thus be used, not only for the benefit of the country which originates the imports, but for the upbuilding of Canadian ports.

It is true that this system would more or less injure the importing and distributing strength of Toronto, but this cannot be considered in a national question, or, when it is considered, we must bear in mind that trains will not go to St. John or Halifax empty if they expect to bring back goods at a reasonable cost to Canadian centers. Out of this carrying trade Toronto will get its share, and time will adjust the profits as well as the losses. If we can build up our own ports we will build up a trade, and there will be a meaning to the proposition made by the National Railway and Navigation Company, to have a line from Toronto to Collingwood. As far as the present situation is concerned, however, I wish to define the only cure that is possible for the starving-out of the Intercolonial, which is being made a portion of the policy of its two great competitors. At the same time we find a method of having a fast Atlantic service. By the policy which I suggest, the preferential tariff will be given a new meaning to Canadians, and the two railroads will be taught that they are not the owners of this country. If the Intercolonial has to be shortened, let it be shortened. If Canadian ports are to be built up by the preferential trade, and the Intercolonial has to be run at a loss, let it be run at a loss; it is the people's enterprise, and one that, no matter how friendly we may feel to the other railroads, Canadians of every phase of politics should take care of. That railroads bonused by the people are to kill out the traffic of a railroad owned by the people, is a scheme which we cannot listen to for a moment, and yet it is exactly what we have to contemplate now that the Government is face to face with the idea of sending all of our export business in the winter time to Portland and Boston. For years I have been advocating a different management of the Intercolonial. For years it has been obvious to everyone that the C.P.R. has been sucking the road dry. Let an Order in Council be passed, if that be sufficient, to make preferential trade come to preferred ports, and those preferred ports must be Canadian, and we can have a fast Atlantic service, we can have a successful Intercolonial railway, and we can build up great Canadian seaport cities. This should be a part of the Government's policy, and if they cannot accomplish it by an Order in Council they should call Parliament together and pass a law, and there should be no evading of the very great questions at issue. Of course there will be great railroad opposition, which must be expected, but Canada will look with interest to whether this country owns the

railroads or the railroads own the country.

It may be said that if such a law were passed, the so-called bonding privilege of carrying goods through the United States would be revoked. For twelve years I have urged that this privilege should be revoked; that no great Canadian ports could be built while it was in existence. It is not a privilege to Canada; it is a privilege which is possessed and is being worked to death by the United States. Furthermore, a law should be passed that free goods coming into Canada are only free when they come direct from their point of origin to a Canadian port, and do not pass through a foreign country. If this is done, we will receive our free goods directly from the country where such goods are grown or produced, and we will not simply be the half-way house of those who make us their market without taking our goods in return. The C.P.R. has taught this country how to use legislation and the tariff to benefit a railroad. It is quite opportune for the country to accept the lesson and teach the C.P.R. and the G.T.R., and all the railroad and private corporations, that the Government of the country can use the same methods to protect itself and its people.

It seems to be the general expectation that Canada's contingents will shortly return from South Africa. Good politics, good fellowship, and the reward of good

resent any interference either with her Ministers or with the conduct of her affairs. Lord Minto, it is to be presumed, thinks that he has a right to govern us. We do not think so. As a matter of fact, we think we have a right to govern ourselves. We may show very bad taste in selecting our overseers, our bosses, anything that we may call them, but we certainly cannot permit an outsider to select himself as the arbitrator of our affairs. We have not tolerated such things in our Governors in the past, and we will not tolerate them in Lord Minto. If he thinks he has a right to do such things, we have a perfect right to ask for his resignation in order that he may see that Canada is not a Crown colony, and that the Governor-General is not a person who has a right to intrude his notions as a superior factor to expressed opinion.

Of the Boers themselves and their resistance to the inevitable, it now seems certain that they have been pretty well rounded up and that the end of the belligerent episode is at hand. When the regular soldiers of the Transvaal have given in their arms and have gone back to their farms, the guerrillas will be treated as pirates and murderers. The man who is caught will be shot, and as there is nothing in it for the Boers under such circumstances, resistance will be very brief. The man who should be appointed Governor-General of the whole outfit, in my

should place, and I think has placed, it in a position of a nation that desires favors but is not prepared to pay the price. Nothing could be worse than this.

THE conduct of the war in South Africa is evidently being considered as a matter which must be cheaply concluded. The capture or suppression of the Boers is being attended to as a business proposition. At best it can only occupy a little time; at worst it is a disagreeable thing which must be looked after. It is quite easy for belligerents to be very painful to a governing force. Gradually General Roberts is rounding up the Boers and putting them out of business. What forces he has and what are being spared for other British interests are not specified, but the end is being accomplished, and we may feel quite sure that a purpose is being accomplished. As far as China is concerned, we have no interest. Canada is not concerned in the dismemberment of China or the accomplishment of a result which must send the yellow people to us as an overwhelming force. We have no interest in this; neither has the world, for the overrunning of the country with Mongolians is not the thing we are seeking for, and it certainly is not the thing we are going to subscribe to.

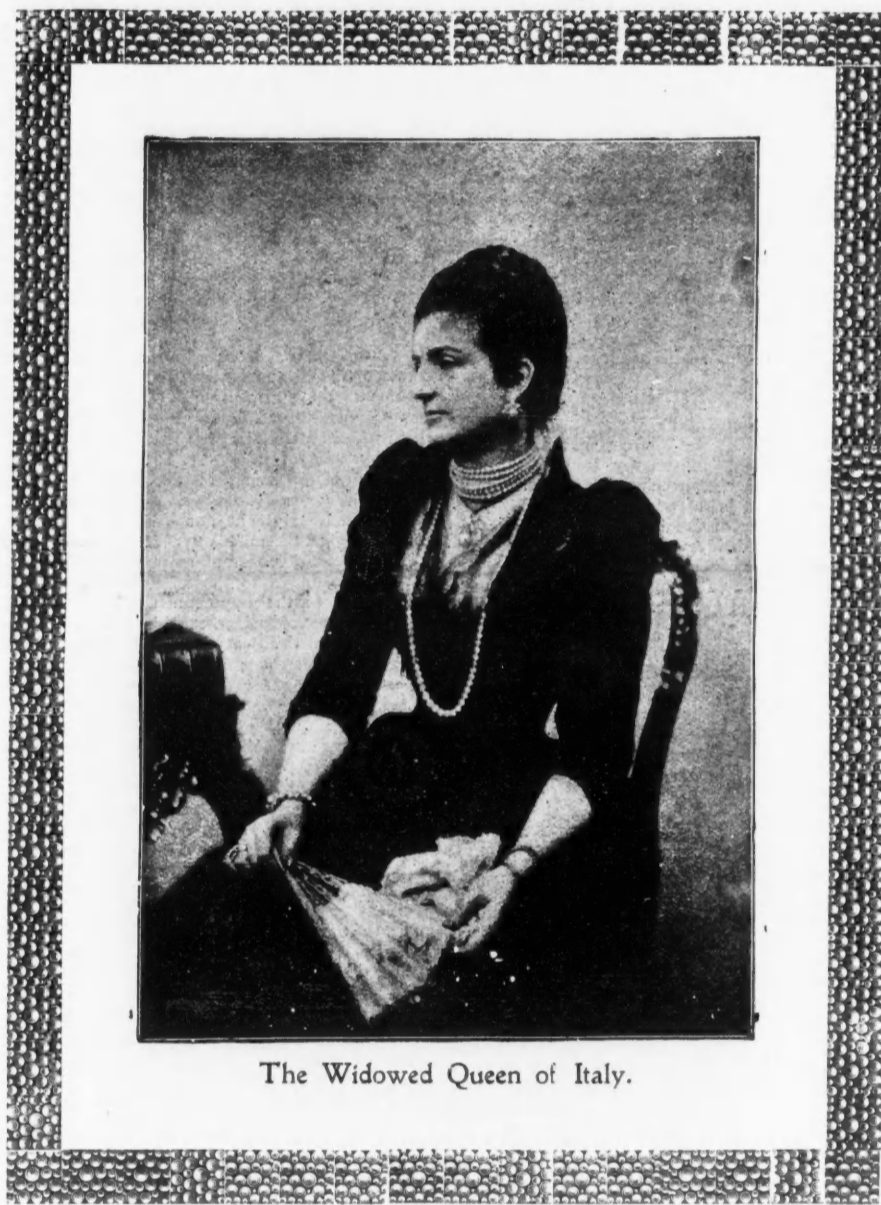
LADY CHURCHILL surprised England, and, no doubt, made a sensation the world over, by marrying George Cornwallis-West. She was a beautiful Yankee woman and married Lord Randolph Churchill. She has a young-up son of her own, and now she is marrying a boy who is about the same age as her son. I am not devoting my time, nor the eventide of my life, in worshipping conventionalities, but it does seem to me that a woman of forty-five or fifty is taking great chances in marrying a man of twenty-five. At the time a marriage takes place the disparity of years does not seem formidable, but in ten years the disparity of ages will be so distinct that even the handsome and well-preserved woman must regard her husband almost as if he were her offspring. When the half-century of a woman is concluded she must remember that she is not young. If she has a husband who is twenty-five years her junior, she must remember that he will be younger at fifty than she is.

Nevertheless, there is a phase of these peculiar matches which probably is too little thought of, owing to the fear that the man and the woman may not care for one another when the man is still a boy and the woman is old. Marriages are not made on an almanac basis. The old may marry the young, and the greatest luck that has come to men who are disturbed and unhappy and unable to find their peace, has been in the marrying of an elderly woman who has helped a young fellow through the pace, and has given gravity and dignity to his life and work.

Talking about marrying is a delicate subject, yet I am afraid that the question of marriage is imperfectly understood. People should marry not only for their own comfort, but for the benefit of the world. The majority of people will laugh when the benefit of the world is suggested in a marriage proposition, for young people love and marry and go away for a trip to some town that will make them tired, and come back and raise children, and scold one another, and love one another, and in the end accomplish very little except finding someone who will tolerate them and can be tolerated during the lifetime that we have to spend on earth.

There are many marriages that are much more beautiful than this. Probably the majority of marriages have in the life that follows a matrimonial alliance, a beauty which no one can ever describe or which nobody can ever mar. Admitting the truth of this, it does not follow that a young man cannot marry an old woman and be happy with her. Happiness is a queer thing; it comes up like a flower, and there is nobody who waters the flower and cultivates it and cares for it like the woman who is older than her husband. She is kind to him; she loves him and she wants him to love her, and she takes pains with it. The woman who takes pains with regard to the love of a man is very apt to get him and to keep him. There are many who think that when they have married a man the bargain is concluded and they have nothing more to do. The woman who remembers that she has to take care of him, has to make him love her, must necessarily become indispensable to him, and be such a part of his life that he would miss her. A man can be exquisitely happy if he has someone who is being all this for him, and he feels that he must return the favor. The prudence and wisdom of a woman who will do this for a man can make him rich, prominent, anything. Life with such a woman is not necessarily a burden; it is very likely to be a joy; and those who marry may make the error of not having all this wisdom and care thrust upon them, and be liable to have a sick or feeble or complaining girl clinging to their skirts. These things should all be remembered; and the proposition of the old woman and the young man, while it does not seem reasonable, is often much more in the line of common sense than the fool-boy-and-the-fool-girl getting married and starting trouble on a very even basis, and one which will result in trouble for one or both.

MY spiritual adviser has been very tolerant of all my religious views except with regard to suicide. The breaking away from old-fashioned notions has been rapid, and while I have kept my arm around the pillar of orthodoxy as much as possible, I have always felt that there are many worse things than being alive. Whenever I made a statement of this sort, however, the priest in charge of my conscience and the preacher in charge of my soul—for I always fortify myself by having both—rebuke me for speaking of the possibility of any emergency arising which will justify a man or a woman to take his or her life. In China, it appears, if we are to believe anything that we read, that this emergency had almost arisen, and the moral support of the world has been practically declared in its approval, that the best representatives that many European powers could send to China preferred to kill one another and commit suicide rather than suffer the terrible tortures which Chinamen were prepared to inflict upon them. Now, if my two spiritual advisers, who are pious gentlemen, and no doubt are thoroughly acquainted with their business, had ever admitted to me that there were circumstances under which suicide would be pardonable, I would not have taken up this matter as a serious one. The ordinary suicide is a cowardly thing, and there is a certain joy in living even if one is finding a large percentage of unhappiness in life. There is no general tendency to suicide. Self-destruction is abhorrent to the average person. The criminality of the thing is almost as disgraceful as murder. Indeed, self-murder is almost as bad as the killing of someone else, yet in China it has been demonstrated, if reported things are right, that there are circumstances which make self-destruction almost a virtue. This does not prove that suicide is a proper means of exit from a world which one finds difficult. It only proves that there is no rule that must not find exceptions. I would not write recklessly for the masses, because I believe with the Catholic Church that strong and decided lines are necessary for those who cannot think for themselves; yet writing for a cultured and thoughtful people, I am not afraid to say that people are too much afraid of death, and permit themselves to be



The Widowed Queen of Italy.

service, all dictate that the home-coming of our Canadian soldiers should be made more agreeable, and the provisions for their comfort should be a little more sumptuous, than when they were sent away in a hurry, and were being taught the first lesson of the hardships which they would have to endure. No sensible person believes in sending soldiers away in luxury and then landing them in a desert where they will have sufferings of all sorts to endure. Bringing them home is a different project. They have suffered the privations; many of them are enfeebled in health, and the Government cannot treat them too kindly nor take too much pains with their accommodation on the return trip.

If it is within the possibilities of military regulations, it is to be hoped the Canadian volunteers will be allowed to retain their rifles and equipment. Newspapers and those who are continually giving gratuitous advice to the Department of Militia and Defence, are certainly not qualified to decide this matter, yet "Saturday Night," it is to be hoped, will be pardoned for suggesting, amongst the other newspapers of this country, that the rifles and souvenirs of the campaign should be permitted to remain in the families of the men who have served with such distinguished success, and who have been so highly esteemed by the generals who had charge of the operations against the Boers.

If it be true that Lord Minto has intervened in Canadian politics to the extent of forcing his advisers to resign their portfolios as a protest, we must admit that we are confronted with a situation which, if duplicated, would be extremely unfortunate. We rely entirely for our information upon Opposition newspapers, which we cannot even suspect of being agreeable to this sort of thing. Much as we may esteem Lord Minto, his opposition to any expression of opinion and his active antagonism will be resented by all classes of politicians. We are not prepared to increase our difficulties in this country by importing Imperial politics of any sort. We are quite willing to have a Governor-General who does not try to govern, and we are willing at any moment to receive with pleasure, even if we do not anticipate any profit, a man who comes to us with the Queen's credentials. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that Canada is a self-governing country, and will

opinion, is Colonel George T. Denison. He is probably the swiftest police magistrate on earth, and no one has ever impugned his ability to be just and speedy. He is a man who understands men; he has great ability as a soldier, and he has most extraordinary ability as a judge. Great Britain could not do better than take from Canada the best man we possess as a soldier and dispenser of justice.

THE United States was on the border of intervening in matters which concern only the Empire of Great Britain and the South African republics. No one is quite sure how near the United States was to inserting its thumb into a pie which it neither baked nor had to do with. With regard to China, the same beautiful Christian principles had no effect. They seem to be willing to stay out of the intervention business and let the Powers do the work. They seem interested alone in the fate of their missionaries and ambassadors. It is hardly possible for a great nation to lie down in front of a proposition so serious as that which involves the Powers in the Orient. It is an unhappy statement, yet it is a true one, that the United States has almost invariably been the first one to reject any responsibility or to incur any expense in the protection of the white man in the yellow man's country. No country has been so conspicuous in rejecting the yellow man, no nation has been so absolutely without conscience as to whether it would be useful in making a good citizen out of the yellow fellow, and yet at the moment of trial, when all nations have to do with the great question, the United States is the first one to lie down and assume the attitude of being the arbitrator. This point of view is the most contemptible that could be assumed. If a great wrong has been done to the white men of the earth, the white men of the earth should sit up and resent it. The United States pretends to be representative of the white population, and yet it is the first to relinquish all responsibility with regard to those who have been killed. It wants the open door, and has been cheerfully figuring on the possibility of a big trade with China, but it does not want to pay a cent or to lose a life in the holding open of that door. Its contemptible attitude with regard to diplomacy, its willingness to get something for nothing, its anxiety to get a benefit out of an international trouble without paying any of the cost,

tortured with thoughts of a Hereafter which is very much more likely to be an improvement on their present condition than a punishment for their evil deeds. The rule of fear, terrible thoughts of what may happen, are at an end, except with those who are bedridden or priest-betrothed. Men and women are living and acting on the basis that the good will have good things happen to them. It may be that everybody must live, even if they wish to die. It may be that some will die who wish to live. We haven't this matter in our own hands, and no matter what the creeds of the various religious sects may teach us, we still remain in the hands of the God that made us, and we are apt to be pretty nearly what He intended us to be. Away above all our futile ambitions is the one thing that we cannot deny and which we must respect, that is the goodness of God and the kindness with which He has treated us, and with which He is liable to treat us when we are dead.

MR. ARCHIBALD BLUE is a unique and pleasing figure in politics, but his appointment to the Commission of the Census at Ottawa excites no remnant of the old antagonism which he used to excite when he was editor of the St. Thomas "Home Journal." It cannot be denied that he was a very bitter partisan, and that his opponents thought he was a very narrow one, but in the years of his probation as a Government servant, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Commissioner of Mines, and all that sort of thing, he has demonstrated that he is an expert statistician. His selection for the position of Census Commissioner will meet with the approval of everybody in Canada, for all who know him are aware of his talents as a compiler of what is to be classified. Mr. Blue is one of the rare variety of men who are well loved. He is one of the old Calvinist stock who has a conscience, and really, when I think of it, his appointment as Census Commissioner seems to me one of the best jokes of the season. It seems to be a very improper mental attitude when one thinks it a joke that the best man should be appointed, yet politics are getting into this condition, and we must admit the funny things as a proposition, as we are apt to claim the swift things as a Government achievement.

IF the fool-killer were as busy as the king-killer, we might expect to have better government in that portion of the world which we imagine is civilized. The king-killer goes out and kills the best men that generations of clever men can produce. The fool-killer stays at home, and would be probably well employed if he were engaged in his own destruction. Oddly enough, the United States seems to produce or educate the most violent and virulent form of anarchists. Two Presidents have been slain, which proves that the king-killer is simply a man with a murderous instinct. President Carnot of France was also killed, and by an Italian, which is another evidence that the republican form of government does not do away with the desire of a certain class of people to assassinate somebody. The killing of the Empress of Austria is another incident which indicates that even women do not escape the fury of that particularly brutal person who is dissatisfied with his station in life and cheerfully devotes himself to the murder of his superiors.

There is a tendency in modern life to make the condition of the poor an unhelpful and exceedingly hard situation. That this can be bettered by the assassination of premiers and rulers and princes is not debatable, for no good can come out of murder. If the boy who shot at the Prince of Wales in Belgium had succeeded in killing the future King of England, no one would have been benefited. It seems worse than idle to discuss such a question. Yet this very bad breed of human dogs seems to find mental food for the encouragement of their appetite for killing. The whole trend of religion and politics seems to me to be in the direction of making people better by doing them good instead of by the preaching of doctrines which must certainly do them evil, or by the engaging in crimes which must tend to make all the lower classes seem as if they were engaged in a war against rulers of all kinds. Remembering that as many presidents as kings have been killed in recent years, and that republican government has given birth to as many crimes as have been found in the records of monarchies, we cannot hope for an improvement by the change of the name of a government. That men go to the United States to be educated to assassinate kings, if it proves anything, becomes an evidence that liberty is the most dangerous thing for a dangerous man. It is also true that it is the most dangerous thing in the world for a dangerous woman. It is very probable that we can all work out our destinies under government such as we possess. We may not enjoy these governments, but we all have a chance to change them, and Italy is not so situated that her people could not, if they would, change the tax-ridden condition of affairs at a general election.

As far as King Humbert was concerned, he was a man of the people, loved almost universally, and though he enjoyed large revenues which he used to maintain his palaces and his people, his life was of the simplest sort. He did everything for the population of Italy that a king or president or a philanthropist could do. It is a poor thing for the world to observe that the reward of himself and his wife is that one shall be murdered and the other widowed.

The anarchist streak runs through the world to a greater extent than we are willing to acknowledge. In this city some ten thousand people left that anarchy would be the shortest road to better municipal government. They are now enjoying the result of employing this method. The idea of getting good men in office by showing the disadvantage of having bad ones there has been attempted in our own home. We can hardly jeer at the anarchist abroad when we have preferred the handspring administration to the employment of good men.

ONE of the best things that the "Evening News" has got off in its "Point of View" column is that Dam Li seems to be the press censor of China. Perhaps the world is better off, inasmuch as the white men who were in Pekin were not murdered, while the white men who were outside of China imagined how they felt, and lent their countenance to the story of self-murder which Mr. Dam Li circulated. Sometimes we find out more about what people think when the situation is strained and facts are unknown, than when we know all about everything that is going on. We did not notice any pulpit rebukes of the conduct of the missionaries and diplomats who did away with themselves and their wives in the face of terrible tortures and outrages. Mr. Dam Li was quite wrong, apparently, in sending out these cable reports, but we found out the truth of what people really believe right here at home.

The idea that China is to be dismembered is rapidly fading out of the diplomatic coloring of all the despatches we receive. China evidently intends to stay just as it is; in fact, it intends to stay a little more as it is than it has been tising. Instead of changing more, it intends to change less, and I am quite convinced that public opinion supports the Chinaman in this attitude.

Social and Personal.

AMIDST the most auspicious omens was celebrated on Tuesday the marriage of one of Hamilton's favorite young society women, Miss Christina M. Hendrie, fourth daughter of Mr. William Hendrie, to Mr. Herbert Eckford, of High River, Alberta. The ceremony was performed in Central Presbyterian church at eleven o'clock by Rev. Dr. Lyle, a large number of friends of the bride being present. Miss Jessie Hendrie, Detroit, a cousin of the bride, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were the bride's sisters, Misses Maude and Phyllis Hendrie. Captain William Hendrie, of the Forty-eighth Highlanders, brother of the bride, was best man. Six of the bride's cousins were ushers: Messrs. George M. Hendrie and George T. Hendrie, Detroit; Hendrie Leggat, James B. Gillies, David S. Gillies and John Gartshore, of Hamilton. The bride was beautifully



MAJ. GEN. O'GRADY-HALEY,
The new Commander of the Militia.

gowned in a Paris creation of white Genoa velvet brocade, trimmed with old Venetian point lace. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and white heather, and carried a bouquet of white lilies. The maid of honor wore white Brussels lace over white satin, and the bridesmaids pale blue silk mulle, and veils, with white heather. The maid of honor and bridesmaids carried pink lilies. Mrs. Hendrie, the bride's mother, wore a gown of pink and white pompadour brocade, with Brussels point bodice. She wore a Brussels point lace hat, and carried a pink rose-petal parasol. A feature of the service was Mrs. MacKelcan's singing of the wedding march from Lohengrin before the wedding party entered the church. An elaborate wedding breakfast was served at Holmstead, to which only relatives had been invited. These numbered between sixty and seventy. The out-of-town guests included Major Eckford, Largs, Ayrshire, Scotland, father of the groom; Miss Eckford, the groom's sister; Mr. and Mrs. George Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Strathairn Hendrie, Miss Sarah W. Hendrie, Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Henry Russell, Miss Christine Russell, Mrs. Van Housen, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Montreal; Mrs. Alex. Allan, and Mr. Travers Allan, Brockville. The bride and groom left the same afternoon for New York, via Toronto and Niagara Falls. They expect to meet in Gotham Lieutenant Murray Hendrie, on his way home from South Africa. They will reside at High River, Alberta, and have the best wishes of many smart Toronto people.

St. Dunstan's cathedral, Charlottetown, P.E.I., was filled with the society of the Island capital on Wednesday morning on the occasion of the marriage of William L. Scott, son of the Secretary of State, and Miss Alice Sullivan, daughter of Chief Justice Sullivan. The ceremony was performed by Bishop McDonald, assisted by Rev. Dr. Morrison and Rev. Dr. Monaghan. The church was beautifully decorated with palms. The bride was given away by her father, Miss Sullivan, sister of the bride, and Miss Scott, sister of the groom, were bridesmaids. The groomsmen were Mr. F. W. Clever Sullivan, brother of the bride. In the afternoon the newly-married couple left to spend their honeymoon in the province of Quebec.

Rev. G. A. Kuhring is spending a few days with his father, Mr. Carl Kuhring, Quebec. The reverend gentleman has just returned from a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison and Miss Frances Harrison have returned from a delightful visit to Whitby, where they were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hare.

Mrs. J. A. Taylor and Mrs. F. O. Brown, Boston, are visiting Mrs. Willson Lawrence at "The Retreat," Jackson's Point. Miss Young, of Geneva, New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Troy, Bloor street. Miss Ruby Croyle has just returned from a pleasant visit of about three weeks in Port Hope. Mr. Alan Taylor is spending a holiday at Mr. and Mrs. Vrooman's, "The Terrace," Sutton West.

The announcement is made in Cornwall of the engagement of Mr. C. H. Barber, son of Mr. John R. Barber, M.L.A., of Georgetown, to Miss Ethel Weagant, second daughter of the late George H. Weagant, I.D.S., of Cornwall. The wedding will take place late in the autumn.

Professor R. Ramsay Wright, F.R.S.C., of Toronto University, and Mrs. Wright, have returned from their trip to Europe, by the Tunisian.

Mr. Edmund Bristol returned to town last week after a trip to Boston.

Sheriff and Miss Widdfield, of "Glenhyrne," St. George street, have the sympathy of many friends at present. A deep sorrow has crossed their path in the death of a very dear sister, Mrs. J. J. Collins, of St. Catharines. Miss Widdfield is at home again after an absence of eight weeks, being with her sister through most of her illness and remaining to the end.

Next Wednesday, August 8th, the marriage of Miss Yda Louise Milligan, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. W. J. Lane Milligan, and Mr. Lester E. Weaver, will take place at four o'clock in Saint Anne's church. Afterwards Colonel and Mrs. Milligan will hold a reception for the bride at their home, 410 Dovercourt road.

Mrs. Otter has gone to Scarborough Beach, on the coast of Maine, to spend August. Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and the Misses Kingsmill are at the Chateau Bel-Air, Isle of Orleans. Major and Mrs. Henry Brock and their little daughter arrived in town on Thursday last from England, where they have spent the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Ryerson, Cecil street, are the guests of Captain Walker, Cobourg.

Mr. George I. Cochran, of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting at Grimsby camp grounds, accompanied by Mrs. Cochran. Mr. Cochran, who is an old Toronto boy, and received his education here, has achieved great success in Los Angeles, and is treasurer of the University of Southern California and director of many of the larger corporations of that city.

Mrs. Price-Brown has gone to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Kenzie Bates, at Gosse Isle.

Quite a party of Torontonians went down on the last trip of the Campana. Among those noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. and Miss Clute, Miss Amy Fell, and a party of six young lady teachers.

Among the many pretty girls at the Yacht Club dance, two who were much admired were Miss May Armstrong and her cousin, Miss Gyp Sutherland, of New York. Miss

Sutherland has left to visit friends at Niagara, but will again join Miss Armstrong for the last two weeks of August.

On July 21st a very quiet wedding took place at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Andrew T. McCord, Los Angeles, California, when Miss Maud Taylor Macalister and Mr. Andrew McCord Chaffey were united in marriage.

Miss Ada Staddon, of Williamsport, Penn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Will J. Tow, 104 Davenport road.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Webster, of Crawford street, have left for Port Sydney, Muskoka. Mrs. Webster intends remaining there until September.

Miss May Hamilton, who has been enjoying the interesting musical events at Chautauqua, N.Y., visited her home in Rosedale last week, and returned to Chautauqua on Monday.

Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, of North Huntley street, with little Vera and nurse, left on Wednesday for a stay at Cedarhurst, Cobourg. Miss Florence Hamilton, with her fair cousin, Miss Lyle, from Memphis, took the Muskoka express on the same day for Hamilton's Point.

Mrs. G. S. Patterson, of Elmsley Place, has been enjoying a visit to Kingston with her daughters, Mrs. McPherson and Mrs. Hodgins.

Dr. Herbert A. Bruce returns on Sunday after spending a month's holiday at Old Orchard Beach and other points on the Maine coast.

Accompanied by several friends, Mr. Arthur White, District Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk, will start today to spend a week in a houseboat on the Georgian Bay.

Dr. W. H. B. Atkins and Mrs. Atkins are guests at the Tecumseh House, London.

The Positive Life.

THERE are two general lines of action in dealing with life, the negative and the positive, observes a writer in the "Outlook." A great many people approach the experiences of life and its opportunities from the negative side and are fairly successful; though the great majority of them fail to achieve any distinct character or make any lasting mark. To approach life from the negative side is to wait on opportunity, to take what the day brings, to adjust ourselves with constant self-repression to the opinions and wishes of others, to fall in with the movement of events, and to get the impetus which comes from the current. Many attain a certain kind of external success along this line. They have many well-wishers, if few warm friends; they are often popular, even if they are not greatly respected; they are sought after even when they are not honored, and the external appearance of success conceals to a certain extent the fact of failure. To this class belong all the merely political opportunists; those who are made by conditions and advanced by circumstances; who are lifted on general movements and carried into port by fair winds. To this class belonged Lord Godolphin, of whom Charles II. once said, with characteristic wit, that he was "never in the way and never out of it."

This kind of living involves constant watchfulness of others and intense consciousness of conditions. The man who has neither steam nor sails must watch the currents very closely and keep his eye constantly on the tides. The wear and tear of constant adjustment to the wishes of the community and to fortunate conditions are never relaxed in the case of the opportunist. He can never afford to make mistakes of judgment; his success depends upon doing the politic thing at the right moment, saying the persuasive word at the proper point, and putting himself in the way at the exact second when he may be noticed or needed. He who studies popular favor in public life must needs have a quick eye and a long memory; he must cultivate agility of motion, rapidity of thought and skill in transferring his principles from side to side without too obvious inconsistency. This life, which seems easier, is much the hardest, because it lacks entirely that repose which comes from resting on principle, and that constant nourishment of the inward spirit which comes when one is in harmony with the deeper laws of life.

Dealing with the positive side of life, on the other hand, involves certain indifference to the conditions of the moment; the indifference, not of contempt, but of pre-occupation with higher things; a certain lack of care for the opinions of others, not from selfishness or coldness, but because one's opinions are formed on a different basis. The man who actively and positively fashions his own career and develops his own character has an inward purpose, an unseen aim, to which he constantly directs his attention. He may be a long time in forming this purpose or in perfectly discerning this aim, but when these ultimate ends are once clear to him he is forever rid of all uncertainty. Winds and storms are in a certain sense matters of as little consequence to him as to the great ocean steamers which sail to their havens with sublime disregard of all external circumstances; they are set to a course, and nothing drives them out of that course. In like manner he who shapes his course to a distant and clearly defined point is not swept out of it by passing winds of popular favor or disfavor, or by changing currents of popular opinion. Having an inward purpose, his relations with men form themselves on a natural and spiritual basis. He does not need to weigh men according to their value for his own uses; he is not looking to them for the development of his own career. What he wants from them are the things which he is willing to give them—affection, sympathy, interest, and co-operation. He is not bent upon using them simply as aids; they do not work into his plan of life. He is lifted above all those sordid and selfish relationships in which a man entangles himself when he attempts to use friends to forward his own ends.

Nor need the man of inward purpose concern himself with consistency of life. There is nothing more beautiful than the reaction of a high ideal upon the actions of the man or woman who cherishes it; for an ideal steadily pursued sooner or later shapes a constant and harmonious character, and we come at last to know what the ideals of men are by the character which those ideals have formed. Nothing is so fundamental in creating a real and noble personality as the choice of a high ideal; let a man choose such an ideal and follow it loyally, and he may give up all concern for his character; it will form itself. Such a man is emancipated, not only from the temptation to be selfish in his friendship, but from most of the fears that beset men of less clearness of purpose. Such a man is much less affected by the happenings of outward fortune, by material disaster of every kind, than a man who has not this inward guidance and constant pressure of the ideal upon his own nature. He is emancipated from fear of men because men can neither make nor mar his career; he is emancipated from fear of disaster because conditions can neither make nor mar his career; his only source of fear is disloyalty to his own purpose, and that is a fear which guards and protects rather than depresses. Such a man discards, one by one, all those things which belittle human life and fill it with weakening and corroding anxieties. He is not disturbed by the confusion of aims which he finds in the world about him; he is not concerned about his enemies, for he has none whom he has consciously made; he thinks generously and fearlessly of his friends, and he is lifted above all the outward changes of fortune by the spirituality of the end which he has chosen.



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Social and Personal.

A pretty house wedding took place on Saturday evening at the residence of Mrs. Coniam, 154 Sherbourne street, when Miss Edith Brokenshire, daughter of Mr. John Brokenshire, of Fenelon Falls, was married to Mr. Robert Raynor, of the steamer Chippewa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Pearson, pastor of Holy Trinity church. The house was prettily decorated with flowers and Chinese lanterns. In addition to a large number of friends of the contracting parties there were present several prominent marine men, among them being Mr. S. J. Murphy, Commodore McGiffin, Captain Clapp, Captain Solmes, Customs Officer Donald McCuaig, and S. Clewio and W. E. Tibbitts. Miss Bertha Brokenshire, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. W. E. Tibbitts groomsmen. Miss Helen Bell was a charming flower girl. After the wedding breakfast Mr. Raynor was presented with a handsome illuminated address, accompanied by a purse of \$200 in gold. Mr. S. J. Murphy made the presentation on behalf of the officers and crews in the Niagara Navigation Company's employ. Mr. and Mrs. Raynor left on the 11.15 o'clock train to spend their honeymoon in the Eastern States.

Miss Mildred Goodwin, of St. Thomas, and her sister, Miss Ida Goodwin, are the guests of their cousin, Miss Daisy Goodwin. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roche, of Walmer road, are summering at Port Cockburn, Muskoka. Mr. Edmund Harley, of Osgoode Hall, and Mrs. Harley, are spending their vacation at Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Weisman, of 32 Madison avenue, are spending the month of August at Meaford. Mr. Walter Wilson has returned from a three months' outing among the Kawartha lakes. Mrs. R. N. Pearson and Miss Cecelia Pearson, of Stratford, are visiting friends in the city. Miss Beatrix Martin is visiting at Port Hope. Miss Hollingsworth is home from St. Catharines, where she has been visiting her sister, Miss Mabel Rathbone is the guest of Miss Hewson, of Port Hope. Miss Millie Biggar, of Niagara Falls, is visiting friends in Toronto. Miss Marion Marshall has gone to Port Hope to visit her aunt, Mrs. E. Martin. Mrs. Alfred Morgan, of Hamilton, is a guest of her cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Harris, at their cottage in Muskoka. Mrs. (Dr.) Noxon and daughter Gladys, of Bathurst street, are spending a few weeks at Glen Island and Picton.

Dr. Stuart McL. Milne, of Sherbourne street, and Mr. John F. Gibson have gone to Port Sandfield, Muskoka, for the month of August.

Mr. R. L. Stitt, who has been studying modern languages in Toronto, after having successfully passed the matriculation examination of McGill University, has returned to his home at Marinette, Wisconsin.

A correspondent sends the following: "The second of the Long Branch dances was held last Friday. An unusually large number of young people were present, enjoying to the full the pleasures of dance and music. The Long Branch hops, which, by the way, are far more exclusive this season than heretofore, are the life of the young people at the Branch. On Friday evening a few of the guests were: Miss Stanway, Miss Massey, Miss Davies, Miss Follett, Mrs. Milton Muldrew, Miss Shaw, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Will Armstrong, Miss Brough, Miss Flemming, Mrs. Ball, Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. Follett, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Kelso, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Money Penny, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Jacques, Mr. Bud. Stone, Adams, Mr. Mulqueen, Mr. Wylie, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Dawson, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Walker, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Hutchison.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McNally, Miss Skirrow, Miss Lena Smith and Miss Jessie Smith are spending the month of August at Fairy Lake, Muskoka.

Mr. E. Norman Smith is taking charge of the organ and choir of Central Presbyterian Church during the absence of Mr. McNally.

Mrs. C. C. Robb and daughter, Miss Robb, of College street, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Herod, are again enjoying a delightful holiday at Bobcaygeon, Kawartha Lakes.

Mr. Whittington, Commodore of the Toronto Canoe Club, has been enjoying a cruise and camp at Kawartha, and is much pleased with the lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson and Miss Edna Hutchinson, of Wellesley street, are enjoying a holiday in the Maritime Provinces and at Old Orchard Beach.

Miss Marter, of Gravenhurst, and her friend, Miss Irene Kemp, of Parndale, are spending the week at "Rosclair" and Bala, Muskoka Lake.

Mrs. Charlton Strathy and her son Gordon and mother, Mrs. Purdy, are spending a few weeks at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. (Dr.) Anderson has returned to her home in Elyria, Ohio, having been the guest for some time of her mother, Mrs. Ferguson, of Wilton avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Nairn, of Winnipeg, are visiting their brother, Mr. Alex. Nairn, Kelvinside. Miss Eva Blong has returned from MIKON, where she spent two weeks. Miss E. J. Stonehouse has returned home

after visiting friends in Barrie and the north. Rev. George Ferguson of Derham Center has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Edward Stonehouse, 639 Manning avenue. Miss Bertie Craig, of Dovercourt road, has returned after spending two weeks at Owen Sound and among the islands of the Georgian Bay. Mrs. A. D. Reid and two children have returned from a visit with Mrs. Reid's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Thurston, Kingston.

The Misses Jolliffe, of Ottawa, are the guests of Dr. McKenzie, Bloor street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rielle, Montreal, are visiting friends in Toronto and the Georgian Bay district.

Senator Fulford, of Brockville, and Mr. George Graham, M.P.P., with Hon. A. S. Hardy and Judge Barton, of Stratford, have been enjoying a cruise on Senator Fulford's yacht on the Rideau lakes, to Ottawa, then to Montreal and back to Brockville by the St. Lawrence.

Miss Bell, of Toronto, a graduate of the Kingston general hospital, has been appointed superintendent of the Infants' Home, at Kingston, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Emma Veale.

Mrs. Cummings, of McKenzie crescent, has returned from Muskoka, and has gone on a few days' visit to Harrison and Washington.

Mrs. Henry Hamly is visiting friends in Port Hope. Miss Lillian McCracken, of Robert street, is enjoying holidays in Orillia and Muskoka. Mr. J. N. Blair, of Montreal, has returned to his home, after having visited Dr. Clouse, in College street, and other friends in this city. Mrs. W. D. Tyne and family and Miss Alice MacFarlane have gone to Mount Forest, to spend the summer with their parents.

It will be a matter of interest to many to learn that Lady Hodgson, wife of Sir Frederick Hodgson, the Governor of Ashanti, who has recently escaped from Kunnass, which was invested by natives, is a Canadian by birth. She is a daughter of the late W. G. Young, who was Colonial Secretary for Vancouver Island from 1855 to 1864. The house in Victoria in which Lady Hodgson was born is now owned and occupied by Mr. A. J. Smith.

Mrs. Charles Macdougall, with her children, is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Brough, at their Muskoka home.

Mrs. John Wright, with Mr. Walter Wright and Master Douglas Wright, Miss Rosamond Boulton, and Miss Susie McNab, of San Francisco, are spending the summer at Angell cottage, Cape Elizabeth.

Mr. A. M. Raley and Dr. Parkes, of Toronto, along with Mr. Charles Deeks, and Dr. Brethour, of Brantford, are spending their holidays in North Bay and district.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Alfred Thompson have removed from 232 Jarvis street to their home in Wilton crescent.

The Misses Harris, of St. Alban's street, have gone to visit friends in New York. They will spend some time in Philadelphia and Atlantic City before returning home. Mrs. B. R. Cronyn, with her little ones, will spend the month of August with her father at Bowmanville. Mr. Davidson Harman and Mr. Arthur Boswell are spending a couple of weeks at the seaside. Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson and children have left town to spend August at Angell cottage, Cape Elizabeth.

Mr. Edgar A. Wills, secretary of the Toronto Board of Trade, has removed from his late residence, No. 51 Collier street, to No. 4 Macpherson avenue.

Mrs. Bascolo and Miss Marian Bascolo are at Ferndale, Muskoka. Mrs. Arnold and family are at Woodington, Muskoka. Mrs. and Miss Rowland and Miss Jessie Rowland are summering at Murray Bay.

Mr. Fuller, of the Bank of Toronto, Montreal, and wife, are guests of Mrs. Fuller, of Rosedale.

Miss Annie Michie and Miss Florence McArthur, of St. George street, are visiting friends at Atherley, Lake Simcoe.

The Prince as a Yachtsman.

IT is well known that the Prince of Wales has a passion for yacht racing, but outsiders have little idea how keenly he enjoys the excitement, not to say peril, of racing in a stiff breeze. Here are some interesting reminiscences given by an old member of the crew of one of his racing yachts of scenes of which he was an eyewitness.

"I remember once, when we were at Cowes, racing in the Alfine for the Queen's Cup, with the Enchantress and Waterwitch against us. We had a tremendous lot of canvas out, and all of a sudden, as we were just passing Cowes, a heavy squall rushed down the valley and carried away the whole of our fore-topmast. The Prince was on deck smoking a cigar. The squall struck us very heavily, but his Royal Highness kept quite cool, and asked the captain if it would be safe to continue the race. The captain said it would, and so we went on. The Prince remarking between the whiffs of his cigar, 'Oh, well, accidents will happen.' "Though I never saw him take the tiller in his hand, he always took the

keenest interest in the way in which the vessel was handled. He would come up on deck after everything had been battered down prior to the commencement of the race and find some safe spot. But he is always inclined to be restless, and he liked, even when we were racing, to move about from one part of the deck to another—no easy feat. He is a splendid sailor, and the fact that he always has a big cigar in his mouth shows that mal de mer has no fears for him. His usual companion on the Alfine was Lord Charles Beresford, who was always good-natured and merry as a sandboy. The Prince, too, was very amiable, and as he walked about, clad in his yachting suit of flannel—white trousers and a blue serge reefer jacket—he would often stop to say a word to one or other of us.

"One curious incident I well remember. It was when we were off Cowes, just returning from a short cruise. We were going in to pick our moorings, and to do this we had to let down the mainsail. Of course his Royal Highness was asked to step round to the weather side of the yacht. Instead of doing this, however, whether from forgetfulness or what I can't say, he strolled round to the leeward side, with cigar in mouth and hands in pockets. He was gazing round heedlessly enough at the other vessels near at hand, when down thundered the sail. Of course, as the sail was 'bellying' considerably as it descended, it blew to the leeward side, where the Prince was standing, and forced him against the bulwarks. I happened to be near the edge of the rail, and, looking round it, saw the future King of England fixed tight between the sail and the bulwark, so that he couldn't move! But he was laughing heartily, and I jumped into the sail and flattened it, so that the Prince could get clear. Of course, he really was in great danger of being carried overboard, and I believe he quite realized his danger, but would not show it. As soon as he could breathe freely again—and I'll warrant that sail took his wind a bit—he exclaimed, as a smile lit up his ruddy face, 'Oh, what a lark!'"

When Pa Takes Care of Me.

WHEN Pa takes care of me, He says to Ma, "By Jing! It seems that everything Comes on me when I've got the most to do. But I suppose I've got to get it through With; so you needn't fuss one bit about Him; I'll take charge of him while you are out." But Ma makes him repeat all she has said About what he's to do; guess she's afraid To let him try his way Of watching me, the day When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me, He puts me on a rug, Gives me a kiss and hug, Then binds in every pillow he can find, And piles them up in front, at sides, behind. Me: "So that you can't hurt yourself," he says. And then he gets my picture-books, and lays Them down beside me, and my blocks, and toys. And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the noise You want to; I don't care." And I sit there and stare, When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me, No book or toy or game Seems, somehow, just the same. And, by and by, I'm through with every one. And when I cry, Pa says, "Have you begun Already? What's the matter, anyway? There's everything you own! Why don't you play? Stop crying now! You won't? Well, what is wrong? Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts some song About "Bye, Baby, Bye!" And I lie flat and cry, When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me, He grabs me up at last, And starts to walk, real fast. And talks to me, and pats my back, and tries To act as if he liked it; but he sighs. And sighs, and keeps a-lookin' at the clock. And out the window, up and down the block, For sight of Ma; and when she does come in, She grabs me quick, and says, "It is a sin!" And Pa looks mad, and—I'm glad the time's gone by— When Pa takes care of me. —FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

Sharp Business.

A nobleman was deeply in love with a lady. He met her one evening at a crowded ball, and as he could not get an opportunity of talking with her in order to propose, he contrived to slip into her hand a piece of paper with the two words written upon it, "Will you?" The reply was equally brief: "Won't I?"

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An Adventure in Italy.

By M. M.

THERE was a gay company assembled in Mrs. Letroy's salon in Rome, late one March afternoon a few years ago. The high walls and gilded cornices of the old palace, in which she had apartments, reflected with a cheerful glow and shimmered the lights from gasolier and sconce, and the room was full of the musical sound of tea-things, mingled with laughter and animated conversation. An afternoon reception was going on, in most respects no different from the hundreds of affairs of the same kind, which were probably taking place about the same time in many another fashionable European drawing-room.

In one particular, however, it was more interesting than some others—namely, in the variety of nationalities which it represented. Although English and French were the prevailing tongues that went to make up the fashionable babel, most of the "fair women and brave men" belonged to neither of these countries. Americans, naturally, were in the majority, as Mrs. Letroy was an American widow—needless to say, of great wealth—who had been living in Rome for some time. Next to her compatriots, the Italians predominated—lively young married women, demure damsels, gay noblemen, and not a few comfortable-looking priests. A good many English, several French and Spanish, and even one or two attaches from different South American Legations, completed the motley assemblage.

A girl was carrying on a somewhat ungrammatical French conversation with an Italian. She was, at this moment, having some difficulty in explaining to him that she was neither English nor American, but Canadian.

Naturally, as Canadians are by no means so numerous on the Continent as their—what shall I call them?—contingents, foreigners do not quite understand who they are. This particular young Italian, after the manner of his kind, had begun by paying elaborate compliments to our heroine, Rose MacKenzie, avowing that charming Americans were the most adorable women in the universe.

"I am not an American," explained Rose. "I am Canadian. Canada is part of the British Empire, you know."

"Ah, then, you are English," exclaimed the Count, in a triumphant tone, as if that settled it.

"Not a bit English," she persisted. "I am British, if you like; but my father is a Scotchman, and I was born in Canada. That makes me what they call a 'Scotch-Canadian'."

This complication of nationalities was too much for the count, who shrugged his shoulders and smiled, but did not appear to be enlightened. He was evidently not a very brilliant young man, and Rose glanced round the room to see if any of the others looked more interesting.

"What is the name of that old priest talking to Mrs. Letroy?" she asked. "That is Monsignor di San Giorgio," answered her companion.

"He has an interesting face," remarked Rose. "And those white curls all round his tonsure make him look very benevolent."

"He has also an interesting temper," returned the count, whom the subject of the old priest appeared to rouse. "Some say he is crazy. He becomes very cunning in his fits of anger, and no one is quite sure what he may do next."

"I suppose, of course, he is a very strict Catholic?"

"Of course. He is also ambitious. He would be a Cardinal, though whether that will ever come to pass is doubtful."

"I wonder what he would think of me, a Presbyterian," remarked Rose. "A Presbyterian—what is that?" asked the count, looking puzzled.

"A Protestant, you know, like the Waldenses," explained Rose. "I suppose he would think me a shocking heretic, and that I was quite certain never to get to Heaven!"

"I will present him if you like, and you can ask him yourself." Whereupon the count, noticing that Mrs. Letroy had just ceased talking to the old man, to look after some new guests, brought him up to the young lady.

Rose MacKenzie was travelling on the Continent with an American friend, a Mrs. Bethune. She was a bright girl, possessing the faculty of being able to adapt herself to any society in which she might be thrown, and having an unlimited fund of self-assurance. She was very young—not more than eighteen—and was quite pretty, with a quantity of soft, fair hair, light hazel eyes, and a tall erect figure. She imagined that she had more beauty than she really did possess; but this, as far as her success with chance acquaintances went, did her no harm, as it gave her an air of self-possession, which, combined with a kindness of manner springing from a really kind heart, made a most favorable impression. She had some of the failings that are common to most young people on the American continent—to wit, a little too much confidence in her own powers, and not quite enough respect for those older than herself. And here in Italy, these two faults of hers were the means of her having some adventures anything but pleasant for herself.

On this occasion she addressed the old priest with a politeness not altogether respectful to his age or calling.

"I suppose, Monsignor, that as I am a Protestant and a heretic, you are not altogether obliged to Monsieur le Comte for presenting me!"

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said the old man, who was of course Italian and polite—"but I have met many Protestants, particularly from America, and have always found them most charming."

"But you think, all the same, that we are all doomed to perdition, don't you?" she persisted.

"We should never doom so fair a young lady to perdition," he answered, more politely than ever. "Mademoiselle is also too pretty to engage in theological discussions."

This hint should have been enough for Rose, but she went on obstinately.

"But tell me why you call Protestants heretics," she said. "A heretic is a person who believes contrary to authority, is he not?"

"Exactly, Mademoiselle," remarked the old priest. "Mademoiselle is most intelligent."

"And so," continued she, "because we do not believe according to the authority of your church, you call us heretics."

"Perhaps we do, Mademoiselle," with an impatient gleam in his eyes this time, that Rose should have noticed.

"But why should the authority of your church be above that of ours?" she demanded, feeling that she had now rather caught the old priest.

"Mademoiselle must excuse me answering her questions," he remarked in a politely evasive tone, but with a gleam of anger in his eyes. "These subjects are too difficult for an afternoon reception. We have come here to enjoy ourselves, is it not so? And Mademoiselle surely will take a cup of tea."

So saying he went off towards the tea table, in spite of the young count's entreaties to be allowed to bring him some refreshment. He did not come back.

"You have made him angry," said the young man. "He does not like to be talked to. He wishes to do all the talking himself. You had better take care. It is not well to have offended Monsignor di San Giorgio."

Rose laughed. "We are leaving Rome to-morrow," she said. "I am not afraid."

As she and Mrs. Bethune drove away, Rose gave her friend and chaplain an account of her discussion with the priest.

"He would not answer any of my questions satisfactorily," she said. "I believe he thought I had no more ideas than one of their own silly little Italian girls, and that compliments were the only style of conversation fit for one. I am sick of their compliments. They were rather amusing at first, but when you have nothing else they grow tiresome. And the old priest was as bad as any of them!"

"They certainly do treat unmarried girls as if they were dolls," admitted Mrs. Bethune. "And the Italian girls evidently are not allowed to have many ideas—certainly not to express them. But, my dear Rose, I can't help thinking that we err on the opposite side. A very young person like you should not express your opinions so decidedly to an old man."

"I didn't express any opinions," objected Rose. "I only asked leading questions!"

"At any rate, my dear," advised Mrs. Bethune, "there are two subjects that should never be discussed in society. I think. They are politics and theology." And Rose, who had begun by priding herself on having put her case rather cleverly to the "arrogant old Roman," as she called him, and in making great progress in the French language, could not help now feeling that she had made rather a fool of herself.

II.

A month later Rose and her friend found themselves in Milan, on their way farther north. They made up their minds to stay several days, in order, as Mrs. Bethune said, "to do the cathedral thoroughly."

Accordingly, on the morning after they arrived they set out as usual to do sight-seeing. When they reached the cathedral a very polite and smart-looking guide came up and offered his services. He was a most agreeable change from some of the guides to which they had been accustomed—with but one drawback, namely, that he smelt strong of garlic. He was most enthusiastic on the subject of the cathedral, and led them first from one part of the piazza, or square, to another, so that they might see it from all points. Rose could not help feeling disappointed at the general effect. Although the details of the building were beautiful, notably the incredible number of statues crowning the corners and pinnacles, there was no point of view from which it looked imposing or awe-inspiring. There was something frivolous—something "feeble," as a boy of her acquaintance used to say—in its general outline against the sky.

Of this she said nothing, however, as it would have wounded the feelings of the guide, who was proudly expatiating on its beauties. At last they went inside, and here Rose felt more satisfied. She had been rather tired of the cold stately basilicas of Rome, with their shining marbles. Here, in the Cathedral of Milan was a real Gothic interior—a high arched roof, a dim religious light, and directly opposite the front entrance, far away at the end of the nave, the smoke of incense and the chanting of the choir.

The guide did his duty thoroughly, and they remained in the cathedral for more than an hour, looking finally at the enormous stained glass window behind the high altar. It is said to be the largest colored window in the world, and is supposed to represent the whole story of the Bible.

"Would ze Signorina not choose to descend down to ze crypt to see ze tomb of ze great San Carlo Borromeo?" asked the guide.

"Is it one of the sights?" said Rose. "It is getting rather late."

"But not too late to see ze beautiful tomb of dis so great a man." The guide was most eager, and Mrs. Bethune said that as she intended to see everything in the cathedral, even to the top of the spire, they might as well see the crypt that day.

"If ze Signora will wait one moment, I go to call ze priest, who keeps ze keys." He went off for a minute or two and came back, from some dark corner of the building, followed by a young man in a cassock.

Rose thought she had never seen an expression of such utter hopelessness as there was on this young priest's face. He was, however, not a full-fledged priest, as his wavy brown hair was undisfigured by any tonsure.

"Evidently a novice," thought Rose, "and as evidently very averse to the profession he is taking up. Poor young man!" She had already made up quite a romance about him, founded on a disappointed love-affair and a cruel father, who quite forgot that the laws of Italy nowadays would give him protection from such tyrannical treatment, if he chose to ask for it. But whatever the reason of it might be, the young man's handsome face was a most mournful one. His melancholy dark eyes glanced listlessly at the ladies for a moment, and he led the way to a door in a large pillar.

They groped down a dark stairway by the flickering light of a taper in the priest's hand, then walked a few paces, turned a corner, and in a moment found themselves transported into what might have been a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

The priest had turned on the electric light. They were now in a small, low octagonal chamber, entirely lined with silver, carved in rather high relief. At one side was a silver altar. The carvings of the altar, the walls and the ceiling all represented scenes from the life of the Saint, Count Carlo Borromeo, a Cardinal and Archbishop of Milan, who flourished in the 16th century.

The two ladies were enthusiastic enough in their admiration even to please the guide, who had accompanied them. "I feel like Aladdin," said Rose. "I should not be a bit surprised to see a statuette made of a single ruby appear from somewhere. But where is the tomb?"

"Ze tomb is a most strange place. Ze Signorina will see in one moment," said the guide. The silent young priest had gone to the side of the altar, and presently its silver front began to slide gradually down, revealing a glass case. And in this case, in the midst of gorgeous vestments and gleaming jewels, they saw the hideous blackened remains of a human face.

The two ladies exclaimed simultaneously. Rose had never before seen a mummy, and they had not expected to see anything but the outside of a tomb. The sight, therefore, of this poor old relic of mortality lying in the midst of such splendor was quite painful. The guide pointed out the various jewels disposed about the mummy, and their value. There was one cross made of seven large emeralds, each about the size of a square acid drop, which cost a fabulous sum. This splendid jewel hung directly over the poor black face.

"What a mockery!" exclaimed Rose. "To put such jewels beside a corpse!" "Ze guide would better in ze Signorina's hair, zat is so," said the priest, and the ladies smiled. They felt rather awe-struck at the same time. "To think that that is what we must all come to some day!" said Mrs. Bethune. "Ugh! It makes me feel as if I never wanted to wear another emerald!"

The priest, without having uttered a word, closed up the front of the altar, and the little party left the chapel and

Caught the Worm

That knows Under cover.

"I have had quite an experience with the use of coffee. Without knowing why I gradually became seriously constipated, with all the disagreeable effects of this most aggravating disease. I was also bilious and stomach badly out of order."

"I had no idea of the cause and kept using coffee every morning."

"One day a friend to whom I spoke of my troubles, remarked that perhaps I would find the cause in the coffee cup and suggested the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee. I was impressed with his remarks, and made the change from coffee to Postum."

Her old troubles have nearly disappeared and I am one of the happiest mortals you ever saw. I have proved to my entire satisfaction that coffee was the unsuspected cause of the difficulty, and while it nearly ruined my health for a time, I have practically recovered again by the discontinuance of coffee."

"I have known a number of persons who have been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless. It simply was not very right, and it would be the same with any other kind of drink—tea, coffee, cocoa, etc. Postum, when made according to directions, is a delightful beverage."

"There are a large number of people in this surrounding country who are using Postum, and their number is increasing daily. It is sort of a stampede. Store after store is putting in a stock of Postum that never thought of such a thing before."

"I enclose a list of twenty or thirty names of those that I know of as users of Postum, among my immediate acquaintances. Do not use my name, please." J. M. G., Box 72, Jefferson, Wis.

its gruesome inhabitant for the more cheerful upper world.

III.

That afternoon in her bedroom at the hotel Mrs. Bethune made an unpleasant discovery. Her letter of "credit, together with some jewels of considerable value, which she always carried in a separate pocket, were missing. In fact, the whole pocket, which she wore tied round her waist under her dress, had disappeared.

"What is to be done!" she exclaimed. "We are almost run out of money—I was going to the banker's this afternoon. My dear Rose, what shall we do? If we do not find it, it will cause us immense inconvenience, if nothing worse!"

"We must find it," said Rose, who was really in practical matters the wiser of the two. "I will go down and tell the concierge to write advertisements. Then I must try to find the cab we drove in this morning. If you dropped it there, the letter of credit will not do the driver much good."

"No, but my diamonds will do him a great deal of good! And if he were to keep those he would certainly not give us back the letter of credit! Oh, Rose, what shall we do? Where did I see it last?—I certainly tied it on, most securely as I thought, this morning!"

"The tape may have come unwound," said Rose. "At any rate, I shall go to the cathedral at once and see if I can trace it."

"You can't go alone! I must go with you!"

"Nonsense, you are far too tired," said Rose, decisively—Mrs. Bethune was, in fact, rather an invalid, and Rose had a certain amount of responsibility on her shoulders. She feared that the worry of the loss would tell on her friend, and rushed off to see what could be done.

After notifying the concierge, who promised to advertise, she tried to find the cabman who drove them that morning. He was nowhere to be seen, however, and she had forgotten his number; so she was forced to let the hotel porter call another, and drove off to the cathedral in a most unquiet frame of mind.

The great building, with its 2,000 statues, stood out against the pink evening sky looking more imposing than it had done that morning. It was growing late in the afternoon. Rose locked in for the friendly guide—she had evidently gone home to his evening meal. She entered the gloomy cathedral, intending to look for the mournful young novice. She walked about for some time, looking for the precious pocket, but saw nothing of it, or of the priest either. All at once, coming towards her down one of the fast darkening aisles, she saw a face she recognized—that of an old man in a cassock, his head encircled with a sort of halo of silver curls. Monsignor di San Giorgio! She felt as though she had found a friend, though she had spoken but a few words to him in Rome. She went up and addressed him in French. The old man gazed at her absent for a moment or two. Then he said, "Ah, yes, it is the pretty theological young lady. Can I do anything, Mademoiselle?"

Rose explained her dilemma, and said she could see nothing of what she sought, and that she was now looking for the priest who had the keys of the crypt.

"I will myself go and find them," said Monsignor. He went away for some minutes, and at last, while Rose was growing very impatient, he returned alone.

"He is not here," he said. "He is a young man I know and I have taken his keys myself. He will not mind. Now we will go down and look."

Rose followed eagerly and he opened for her the door which she had seen the old priest, "and I have no light."

"This is too kind of you, Monsignor," cried Rose. "If we could find the way down I know where we can turn on the electric light. I saw him do it this morning."

"Then we will try," and they both felt their way down. "Do you know where the door of the chapel is, Monsignor?" asked Rose. "The button is beside it, though the light is all inside."

"Here we are now," said the old man, as he put the key into the chapel door and opened it. "Now, if Mademoiselle will turn on the light we will see where we are!" Rose felt about for the button, at last found and turned it, and darted into the brightly lighted silver chapel.

"What do I see over there in the floor beside the altar?" said her companion. "Is not that your bag?"

Rose ran to see, and there was the pocket! She picked it up, with that delicious sense of relief that we all feel when we find a lost treasure—and as she did so the light in the chapel went out and the key was turned in the door.

As she heard it, and felt the darkness, the words of the Roman Count came to her mind like a flash—"It is not well to have offended Monsignor di San Giorgio!"—Horror! She was locked in by a madman!

Her first impulse, naturally, was to scream for help, which she did with all the voice she possessed, hoping that some stray sight-seer above might hear. In the midst of her cries she heard the upper door locked by herself and realized that calling now was useless—and even if the sounds should penetrate the two doors it was, alas, getting too late for visitors to the cathedral. She must at least pass the night there. And supposing no one was to come to the chapel for the next day or two—it was not often visited. Or even if the young priest were to come in the morning, would he not come too late? The chapel was extremely small and perfectly light-tight. All these suppositions crowded into her brain, poor child, in her fright. She did not even reflect that Mrs. Bethune would be sure to miss her before long and would certainly trace her to the cathedral. She instinctively felt her way to where the door would be. After groping round six sides of the chamber, feeling nothing but the silver relief carvings with which the door was evidently covered, she suddenly came up against the side of the altar. She shuddered and sank to the floor.

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Here she was shut up in a subterranean chamber with that ghastly looking mummy she had seen in the morning! Although naturally of a cheerful and healthy disposition, Rose had her own share of woman's nerves. The worry about the lost pocket, the shock of finding herself a prisoner, her efforts to make herself heard, and now this sudden reminder of the hideous contents of the chapel, were all too much for her. She burst into a fit of hysterical screaming, creeping as far away from the altar and its gruesome occupant as she could. But the darkness was so absolute that she completely lost all sense of locality—she did not know where she was. That black face! She could almost see it now in the darkness, with the cross of emeralds gleaming over it. What if it were possible it could come to life? Hush! was not that something like a moan? And she stopped crying and strained her ears to listen to an imaginary sound. For hours, it seemed to her, she crouched against the wall of the chamber, stiff with horror, too terrified to move a little finger, staring into the blackness of the place and imagining fearful sights and sounds—till at last a merciful unconsciousness overtook her and she knew no more.

When she opened her eyes she was still in the chapel, but the light was turned on. Over her bent the kind dark face of an Italian woman, who was bathing her forehead with cold water. "Povera Signorina," she murmured, and held a glass of water to Rose's lips. Rose looked up and saw the mournful young priest watching her attentively. "Where am I?" she thought—and, turning slightly, she saw the altar.

With a scream she clutched the woman's arm. "Take me out of this place!" she implored. "Let me get up! I can walk."

"Do you feel strong enough, Madam?" asked the priest, in what was an unmistakably English voice. "Allow me to help you." And he gave her his arm, the woman helping her on the other side. They slowly mounted the narrow stair, crossed the aisles of the cathedral, which was now quite dark, and went into a small bare room where there were some wooden chairs.

"Rest here, Madam"—and the priest lit some candles—"and if you will allow me I will go to your hotel and bring your friend. You have had a terrible fright."

"Oh, thank you so much!" exclaimed Rose. "Don't trouble—I can go myself now—but what time is it? How long have I been in that horrible place?"

"It is just half-past five," he answered. "and you cannot have been there more than twenty minutes. I had been gone from this room barely half an hour, and when I came back with Clementina here I remarked that the keys of the silver chapel were swaying on their hook, as if they had been disturbed. It looked suspicious. I went over to see if the doors were secure, and was sure I heard a cry from below. I made Clementina come with me, and we found you in a faint."

"And do you mean to say that I have only been there for half an hour? It seemed to me hours before I lost consciousness. I cannot thank you enough for rescuing me!"

"It is nothing at all, Madam. I am glad to feel that I have been of slight service to some one." He spoke in a tone of dejection that went to Rose's heart. It seemed to imply that there was no one to care for his services. "But how did you come to be locked in the chapel?" he continued. "It is most extraordinary."

Rose related her adventures, alluding to her having offended the old gentleman in Rome.

"It is a strange story," remarked the young priest. "I have no notion who he can be; I do not know any one of the name of San Giorgio. He is evidently not fit to be at large. We will ask at the door as we go out whether any one observed him. But you are still white and faint; I will go and call a cab, and Clementina will help you to the entrance."

He left a few instructions to the Italian woman and hurried off. Rose, following, more slowly, on the good woman's arm—feeling very shaky but

devoutly thankful. She made a firm resolution never again to embark on a theological discussion—a wise resolve, in any circumstances.

By the time they had reached the door the priest had a cab waiting. As he helped Rose in he told her he had made inquiries among the loungers at the door of the cathedral. One man said he had seen a white-haired old padre going out, shaking his head, and had heard him muttering something about "a good lesson—presumptuous young Americans."

"It was my own fault from the beginning," said Rose. "And this is what you came to the cathedral for, is it not?" said her good friend, handing her the pocket containing the letter and the diamonds intact. "We found it on the floor beside you."

"I had completely forgotten it," cried Rose. "Thank you so much! Adieu, Clementina—what should I have done without you? Please tell her I am much obliged. I cannot speak Italian. And to yourself, too—I cannot tell you how grateful I am!"—and she held out her hand, forgetting that he was almost a priest, and that priests were supposed to be shy of young ladies. He took her hand, however, and gave it a good honest English shake, his mournful countenance lighting up with a gratified smile.

On arriving at the hotel, Rose had a good deal to tell Mrs. Bethune, who was only just beginning to be alarmed by her rather long absence. The crazy old priest and the mysterious young English novice were discussed a dozen of times—till at last Mrs. Bethune gave Rose a quieting draught and put her straight to bed.

The proper sequel to such an adventure would be, of course, that the young Englishman should renounce his intention of taking the vows, on account of having fallen violently in love with Rose, that in the course of time they should be married and live happily ever afterwards, and that the sadness should be chased away from his life and his countenance by Rose's cheerful temper.

Whether this ever happened history has not yet related.

The Fly and the Fly-paper.

"Oh, stay a while," says the fly-paper. "No," says the fly. "I got a date with a feller. Let go."

"Oh, what's your hurry?" coaxes the fly-paper. "Quit your foolin'," commands the fly. "I gotta go. Let go now!" The fly is getting angry, but the paper preserves its temper.

"Oh, I wouldn't be in a rush. You got the time they is."

"Leggo now! Leggo o' me! Leggo! Teacher, make him let me be and then it begins to scream and fight. It is most entertaining to watch the tragedy if you are of a vindictive and revengeful spirit. The poor creature struggles and struggles, each effort bringing nearer the moment when 't shall sink to rise no more. The humans giggle greedily. 'Christians to the lions!' cried the mob in Nero's day. 'Fflies to the sticky paper!' cry the moderns.—From 'Anslee's Magazine.'"

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Handicap on the Cigarette.

It seems that the Rock Island Railroad has concluded that smokers of cigarettes are undesirable employees, and have determined not to hire any more of them. They want men who are alert and active, can think quickly and have steady nerves, and they consider cigarette-smoking unfavorable to the development of these qualities. It is doubtful if anything was ever so bad for mankind as cigarettes are reputed to be, but it won't do any harm for Rock Island and other railroads that disapprove of them to give practical evidence of their contempt. There is no argument against rum that is more efficacious than the unwillingness of employers to hire men who drink. A like prejudice of employers against cigarettes will have its due influence with ambitious lads. If they recall that the Rough Riders in the Cuban war strewed the path to glory with cigarette-stubs and endured the worst sufferings of the war when their cigarettes gave out, somebody must remind them that rough-riding is not a steady job, nor often available. Also that it was not cigarettes that brought the arch Rough Rider within sight of the Vice-Presidency, for Colonel Roosevelt himself does not smoke at all.

Curious Bits of News.

It is exactly two hundred years since the sweet pea was introduced to England. We have it on the authority of botanists that the sweet pea was originally planted in England in 1700, and since that time it has attained a popularity among the more common of our garden flowers which has, perhaps, never been exceeded.

A fly is able to saunter along through the air at the rate of five feet a second, but when it is in a particular hurry it can go about thirty-five feet a second. Its wings beat the air at about the same rate of vibration as the piano string E, first line of the treble staff; but that is not its only means of audible expression. When it gets excited and cannot break away from the fly-paper it makes it thrum vibrate at a higher pitch. You have heard that Campanini could sing high C with chest voice. He could not, but a fly with its feet stuck fast can.

The United States Treasury Department has ruled that tips to sleeping-car porters are a legitimate travelling expense. Contract Nurse Sylvester E. Ackerman, who had been employed on the transport Missouri, was ordered to Brooklyn from the Presidio at San Francisco. Transportation and a sleeping-car section were furnished him. When he arrived, however, he charged the Government fifty cents expense money, which he had spent on tips to sleeping-car porters. This raised the question whether such tips are legitimate expenses, and after long delay and much red tape the Controller of the Treasury has ruled that the fifty cents should be paid.

The latest evidence of the Royal Family's appreciation of the convenience of the telephone is the opening of underground communication between Windsor Castle and Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Great Park. This puts the Queen in easy communication with Prince and Princess Christian, and does away with the exchange of messages by mounted courier between the Castle and the Lodge. The new line is about four miles in length. Her Majesty has long had telephone lines connecting Windsor Castle with Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, and the principal Government departments.

It has been found on study of three hundred cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men—which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bachelor may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In woman it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair. Heredity is a factor. If one has balding ancestors all the drugs of the pharmacy and poela will not bring out flowing locks.



OLIVE SCHREINER.

Novelist and sister of ex Premier Schreiner of Cape Colony. She is perhaps the most rapid advocate of a lenient policy towards the Boers.

Gossip.

The news around the Garden flew. Last night the Rose was robbed—a flower.

Was flitted from her and flung into The casement of my Lady's bower.

The flowers were mystified. In vain They asked of one another, "Pray, What ails our Lady of Disdain That she must wear a Rose to-day?"

The Daisy with her latest breath, "Reft of her petals, whispered low, 'Tis a secret to the Death I gave my petals all to know.'"

—OLIVER HERFORD.

Origin of Tattooing.

EVERYONE is familiar with the art of tattooing, and we are always being confronted with some fresh specimen of the tattooer's art. Yet few people seem to know the origin or significance of tattooing as it is often practised among the savage races to-day. The first idea of the process was, of course, the equivalent to the photograph of to-day, a record of some special art. For instance, a warrior would depart on a hunting quest. He would return stained with blood, and bearing on his body a wound that was as honorable as it was eloquent of the danger through which he had passed. But this wound must sooner or later disappear, and so an artificial cut was made to show his prowess which was so inflated as to become a permanent scar. The idea for such scars having once originated, the arrangement of them in an ornamental fashion, and the adoption of colors would follow as a matter of course, and in time the whole matter would become simply a question of ornament or religious symbols, as we find nowadays in the majority

of cases. Among certain African tribes gashes upon the face serve many purposes. If a member of such a tribe has a perpendicular scar from temple to chin it means that he has fought successfully in this or that campaign; if the cuts are oblique it means that he not only fought, but is singled out for some conspicuous act of prowess; if the gash is formed like a parallelogram it betokens that the luckless warrior was a member of a vanquished army.

The gash of the Kaffir warrior is worth describing. After an act of bravery a deep cut is made in the thigh of the hero by the priest. When healed this gash is of a blue color, and is as much prized and sought after as the Victoria Cross is by Tommy Atkins. And the Kaffir warrior has not the remotest chance of selling his "medal," neither can it become a prized heirloom in his family.

But the chief use of the gash is as a tribal mark, and to realize the full value of such a scar you must take into consideration the relation of the savage man to the world outside his own immediate vicinity. His place is that of Ishmael of old. So long as he remains in his own tribal territory he is safe, but on the land of another tribe he is the lawful prey of the first man he meets. To men whose relations are so precarious the tribal mark is the only safeguard at home; without it he would fall an unrecognized victim to the slaughtering instincts of his own tribesmen. In the Biblical instance, in which a mark was set upon Cain, "lest anyone finding him should kill him," we have the explanation of the tribal mark.

Among savages, as indeed among civilized beings, the man who has "done something" is at once consumed with an idea to let the world know of his prowess, to mark himself off from the rest in a visible and unmistakable manner. In our own country the opportunities for doing this and the methods of doing it are varied enough, but the savage only has one way, self-mutilation, or self-adornment, as he considers it. So that after having slain an elephant single-handed he will paint his face green and his legs red; and so extensively advertise what he has done. Then the law of imitation steps in, and what was at first only the whim of the individual becomes the custom of the populace.

Among certain South Sea Islanders it is the fashion to mark the fluctuations of their life by the way in which the hair is worn. Thus, for instance, when a man loses his mother or his father he will let his hair in a particular fashion and dye it white; when he is married he will dye his hair red; and so extensively advertise what he has done. Then the law of imitation steps in, and what was at first only the whim of the individual becomes the custom of the populace.

What Watson is Writing

Mr. William Watson, upon being styled a "pro-Boer," recently published these few stanzas, as an answer to his accusers:

Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I:
I that shall stand for England till I die,
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved:
The immortal England whom I too have served.
Accounting her all living lands above,
In justice and in mercy and in love.

Murder in Literature.

The old, gray-headed millionaire in the latest novel is by no means without resource.

"Why do you murder me?" he exclaims. "It is not for you to commit this mysterious crime! For you are by no means the last person in the book who would be suspected of such a thing."

The other is at once struck by the force of this argument, and sinks away, first letting fall the glittering dagger from his nerveless fingers, while the millionaire felicitates himself upon the accurate understanding of the literary proprieties.

Dreadful Revenge.

"But how," they asked of the French count, "will you wreak vengeance on this man?" "I shall call him a coward, and when I leave I shall slam the door real hard. Ha, ha! I laugh!"—"Judge."

Healthy Schoolma'am.

Found Out How to Feed Herself.

Many schoolteachers, at the end of their year's work, feel thoroughly exhausted and worn out, physically and mentally. The demand upon the nerves and brain of a teacher is unusual and unless they are well fed and fed upon properly selected food, it is natural that they should run down.

A little woman teacher at Gobleville, Mich., who has been teaching regularly for a number of years, has always found herself thoroughly exhausted at the end of the session, until within the last year, she has made use of Grape-Nuts Food, with the result that she closed the year as a robust, healthy, strong, vigorous woman, having gained in weight from 30 pounds to 120; her nerves strong, face bright and cheery, and really a wonder to all her friends, who constantly comment on her color and strength. She knows exactly to what the change is attributed, for in the years past, living on ordinary food, she has almost broken down before the school year closed, whereas since using Grape-Nuts, this change has been brought about: evidence prima facie of the value of Grape-Nuts Food for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.

The name of the teacher can be given to Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Little Creek, Mich.

Books and Their Makers.

A Canadian edition of The Red Badge of Courage has been issued by W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, paper-bound, but very well printed. The recent death of the author, Mr. Stephen Crane, has renewed interest in the book that two years ago was more talked of than any other. The interesting preface to the new edition is by Ripley Hitchcock, literary adviser to Appleton's. It is said that Mr. Crane received from Heinemann for all rights in the book the sum of \$20, and from the syndicate that printed the story first in the United States \$90. It was cut from 55,000 words to 18,000. The author's profits were derived from the publication of the story by Messrs. Appleton in book form. Mr. Crane is reported to have finished 56,000 words of a new Irish romance, cast in the time of George II., before his death, but no particulars of publication have been received. Harper & Brother announce and appearance in August a new volume entitled Whirlwind Stories, from Mr. Crane's pen. It is claimed that he considered these tales representative of the best work he had so far done. They depict the amusing characteristics of boys, and will be copiously illustrated by Peter Newell's gifted pencil. Mr. Harriman, a friend of Mr. Crane, maintains (vide "The Critic") that the young novelist contracted the consumption of which he died, not in Cuba, but in the draughty old thirteen-century mansion in which he made his home in England. Inspection would undoubtedly result in finding such picturesque buildings infested with hungry swarms of the bacillus tuberculosis.



NORMAN M. DUNCAN,
A young Canadian who is making a name as a short story writer in New York. Mr. Duncan is a Toronto University man of the class of 1895.

It cannot fail to be regarded as a somewhat notable omission in our literature that no work dealing with so famous a corporation as the East India Company, as a theme apart from the general history of India, is extant. It must be remembered that the great bulk of the "adventures" of the company in the commercial, as well as the romantic sense, so properly belong to Indian annals at all. Many of the most exciting episodes took place on the high seas; of many of the more important proceedings London was the scene. "The period of the first hundred years in the life of the Company," says George Cawston, in his excellent review of the old chartered companies, "is generally neglected, or dealt with in a very summary way, by Indian historians, so that no clear idea is conveyed to the reader of the early growth and development of this great association." This omission is now to be rectified. Since the completion of his history of the Hudson's Bay Company, which has been well received by the public, Beckles Willson has been engaged upon a somewhat similar work dealing with that body's great Oriental rival, the East India Company. A considerable quantity of hitherto unused material relating to the Company's early transactions has been placed in Mr. Willson's hands, and the letters and diaries of the Company's servants will be largely drawn upon, with a view to bringing out the romance of that extraordinary commerce which paved the way to the political conquest of our Indian Empire. Lord Curzon of Kedleston has evinced a lively interest in the work, which will possibly contain an introduction from his pen.

Egerton Castle's new novel, to be published in the autumn, will be called The Sacred Orchard.

The latest volume of short stories from the pen of Bret Harte is entitled From Sand Hill to Pine.

Quo Vadis has smitten Mascagni, the composer, and he announces that he will make it into an opera with an Italian libretto.

Ernest Seton-Thompson publishes in the August "Scribner's" the first instalment of a new animal story, Tito—the Story of the Coyote that Learned How. As usual, Mr. Thompson furnishes his own illustrations.

Henryk Sienkiewicz has lost his mother-in-law, Mme. Sophie de Wolodkowicz of Krakow, in a dramatic manner. She was murdered while traveling alone in a first-class railroad carriage near Odessa, her maid being in the second-class. She had a large sum of money with her, and had probably been followed by her assassins from the bank where she had drawn it.

What is an Impression?

A recent English writer tells the following, which reminds one of the definition of faith, that "faith is a belief of mutton in a boat." He is writing of his trip on an ocean steamer.

Out of two hundred and twenty cabin passengers we had only one little girl on board, aged about ten. Of course we all made much of her. One day I was making a sketch from memory of Pastnet Rock. My little friend was by me, and she asked:

"How can you sketch a thing that you do not see?"

"I remember it. I have an impression of it," I said.

"What is an impression?"

I explained by making an impression

As the tide of civilization still continues to advance

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with the round end of the pencil on the back of the hand, and then saying, "There is an impression, and one is also made by seeing—only in a different manner—on the mind or brain." With this explanation the little girl seemed to be satisfied.

The next day I was talking with a bishop on board, and said to him, "My little friend here can tell you what an impression is."

"And what is an impression?" he asked.

"Oh," said she, "it's just a round hole made on the back of your mind by pressing a pencil on it."

A Twilight Lullaby.

In the west the sun is sinking,
Twilight comes:
Little eyes are gently blinking,
While the sandman stands there winking
At the little ones.

Now the weary flowers are drooping
In their beds,
Lilies tell a watch are keeping;
Baby violets, almost weeping,
Nod their heads.

Hush, the little birds are dreaming
Far on high!
And the wind is softly sighing,
While the golden light is dying
In the sky.

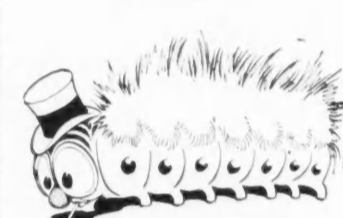
Ah, the stars begin to twinkle,
Dancing eyes!
And the pale old moon is creeping—
Softly—for the birds are sleeping—
Gently—for the flowers are weeping—
Up the skies.

Far into a land of slumber
Baby creeps,
Sweetest bells are ever chiming,
Wonderous fancies are entwining
Baby wreaths.

Life is but an infant dreamland—
Twilight comes!
Weary eyes shall cease their weeping,
When the soul is sweetly sleeping
With the little ones.

When beyond the misty shadows
Of the night,
Weary feet shall cease to wander,
For the soul shall soar up yonder
To the Light!

—ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.



Mr. Howes Fly—Mr. Caterpillar is not very sorry these days.

Mr. Butte R. Fly—No; but he says he is going to be very fly later in the season.

Mr. McKinley as a Teamster.

THE Major drew heavily on his cigar and then watched the ring of fire fade into the ash again.

When he spoke, it was in the tone of a man who knows his story.

"Thirty-seven years ago I wore the red stripes and the red star of an ordnance sergeant, and, at the battle of Antietam, had charge of the ammunition for a brigade. I had taken the ammunition train as close to the fighting line as was allowed until orders for ammunition were received. Two of the best teams and most reliable drivers were placed by the side of the road and kept in readiness to move at a second's notice when the call for cartridges should come.

"Well, the expected order came about eleven o'clock. 'Whip your teams into a dead run!' was my command, and I did it. We hadn't gone more than five rods when a commissary sergeant, in charge of a wagon, cut into the road ahead of us. I shouted to him to haul out.

"I'm going to the line, too," was his reply.

"But I have the right of way—"

ammunition always has." At that moment we came to a wide piece of road.

"Drive past if you want to, but I'm not going to stop to let you," was the comfort the youngster gave me.

"Pass him!" was my order to the drivers. That meant a race, and a race it was until we reached a fork in the road. Then the commissary sergeant took one road and I took the other. My men soon reached the brigade detail to rush the ammunition to the line. When the two loads were disposed of, orders were given to return and be in readiness for another trip. If I remember rightly, those drivers used the lash more freely in getting back under partial cover than they did in the effort to pass the tenacious commissary sergeant. Bless me, but it was hot! A dozen brass bands couldn't have made more music than did the bullets, shot and shell Lee's men were throwing that way.

"Not long after the battle an order was issued doing away with the brigade ordnance sergeants and giving each division of three or four brigades an ordnance sergeant. Our brigade commander sent for me. When I reached his quarters he spoke of the race in a very sober way, as though it were a serious affair, and said that the division commander had directed that I report to him at once. I began to think that the race had in some way gotten me into a scrape, and when I reached the division commander I was mighty uncomfortable. I was sure, for one thing, that the commissary sergeant had reported me.

"Sir, I am directed to report to you."

"Ordnance sergeant of the 1st brigade, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Engaged in a race the day of the battle?"

"Yes, sir; I wanted to get the ammunition to the boys as soon as possible."

"My voice was unsteady and I must have looked scared, but the general reassured me—he had selected me for division ordnance sergeant, and I was directed to report for duty that evening."

"Did you ever hear anything about your fellow-racer, the commissary sergeant?" asked some one.

"Yes, I have heard a good many things about him. His colonel thought that a commissary sergeant who would carry cooked rations to his comrades on the fighting line through such a storm as prevailed at Antietam would make a good lieutenant, and a few weeks later he was promoted. I heard from him, direct, not many months ago."

Thereupon the old Major displayed his last commission, saying, as he did so, "the gentleman who signed that bit of parchment as President McKinley was the commissary sergeant."

The Other Variety.

Freddie—Why does a runaway automobile cut up such capers?

Cobwigger—Because, my boy, it hasn't any horse-sense—"Judge."

"Why, Dolly, where's Marie? I thought you were playing circus."

"Well, she got mad and went home, 'cause I wouldn't give her any peanuts. I was the monkey and she was the tiger, and tigers don't eat peanuts."—Harper's "Bazar."



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OUTDOOR PASTIMES

THE idea of the Toronto Lacrosse Club in dining its opponents at the club-house after each match is excellent. These social reunions do much to submerge any ill-feeling aroused on the field, and to cultivate a gentlemanly and truly sportsmanlike spirit—a spirit, by the way, that has been sadly needed in lacrosse circles in the past.

Last Saturday's lacrosse match between the Cornwalls and Montreals at Cornwall seems to have been as rough and rowdy as any of those to which attention has recently been called in "Saturday Night." Weak refereeing is responsible for much of the roughness on the lacrosse field. The average referee either is too weak-backed to punish roughness with the severity it deserves, or fails to take the matter in hand until all the firmness he can muster is at first lent, and strict only when the disposition to fight and slug could not be stemmed. The game was disgraced by many hand-to-hand encounters.

Since their brilliant victory over the Shamrocks the Toronto Lacrosse Club's stock for the contest with the Tecumsehs next Monday has been steadily climbing. It will probably depend largely on who can secure a lead at the start, for after that a block game may be looked for.

Parkdale did some heavy batting in the cricket match with St. Mark's last Saturday, hitting up 250 runs. Vickers 54, Goodier 34, Garrett 34, Chambers 49, and Gregory 31 (retired) were the chief contributors. The other feature of the day was Baldwin's great bowling in the Toronto-Rosedale vs. Woodbine match. Baldwin took 8 wickets for 3 runs, securing 4 wickets with 4 consecutive balls, all clean bowled. This is the best bowling record in any local match this season.

"Bat v. Ball," is the title of a little book recently published in England, which can be recommended to all who are interested in cricket records. Besides much other useful matter, it contains what is, I believe, a unique feature in the form of a complete record of every noteworthy individual performance with bat and ball during the past thirty-six years.

The remaining races in last week's regatta at Cobourg, sailed after this page went to press, resulted as follows: Forty-footers—Vivia, 4.26.40; Clytie, 4.46.49. Thirty-five-footers—Beaver, 3.37.50; Minota, 3.38.28; Hamilton, 3.42.10.

Twenty-five-footers—Pedro, 2.35.46; Koko, 2.38.33; Winona, 2.44.20; Illaway, 2.51.58; Pickle, 2.48.46. Everybody was glad to see an official contradiction of the report that the Genesee's owners had refused to race her for glory and wanted a money stake, and that this was the reason why the Genesee did not appear at Cobourg. As the Rochester people are anxious to have a race off that city, it is to be hoped the Royal Canadian Yacht Club will accommodate them.

Commodore Molson's yacht Redcoat, which will defend the Seawanhaka international cup, now held by the St. Lawrence Club, is an excellent craft. The Yankee challenger, Minnesota, has arrived at Montreal. The chief difference between the two boats is that the Yankee is nearly a foot narrower, while less than two feet shorter, and tapers much more than the Canadian.

Considerable disappointment was experienced in local circles over the failure of the Argonauts' crews to bring home the honors of the Winnipeg Rowing Club's regatta. The Argonauts for some reason failed to justify expectations. The Winnipeg oarsmen certainly displayed unexpected form, and it may be that they will accomplish something worth while should they visit Henley next year.

The twenty-first annual meet of the American Canoe Association, which is being held at Birch Point, Tobin's Island, Lake Rosseau, is likely to be a fine success. Many Toronto canoeists are in attendance.

The establishment of the new Harlem River course for boat races is said to have done more to boom rowing as a sport in New York than anything else that has happened in years. This is not only because the new course is a good one, much better than the old one on the lower end of the river, where the races had been held for many years, but also because on the new course the public has every opportunity to witness the sport. Almost the entire course runs alongside the Speedway, which has become one of the most popular pleasure grounds of Gotham's people.

The Argonauts' midsummer regatta was marked by



PLAYERS IN THE LAST INTERPROVINCIAL GOLF MATCH. Taken at the Ladies' Golf Club House, Dixie.

whole-souled contests and close finishes. The results were:

First heat—C. S. Watson (bow), L. M. McCarthy, A. G. Lefroy, R. Jones (stroke), 1; W. D. Greer (bow), F. P. Roger, Harold Fisher, H. E. Ridout (stroke), 2; C. F. Fentland (bow), C. A. Larkin, Dr. Jordan, W. R. Kingsford (stroke), 3. Time 5.01 2-5.

Second heat—V. N. Kirkpatrick (bow), J. Erskine, G. W. Marriott, C. E. Howarth (stroke), 1; R. C. Ripley (bow), S. L. Thorne, J. A. Carmichael, C. E. A. Goldman (stroke), 2; A. F. Hall (bow), A. T. Hunter, A. S. Towers, H. V. Law (stroke), 3. Time 4.59.

Semi-finals A—D. R. McKenzie (stroke), Bradley, Hunter, Sutton (bow), 1; Charles Goldman (stroke), Carmichael, Thorne, Ripley (bow), 2. Time 4.51.

Semi-finals B—R. Jones (stroke), Lefroy, McCarthy, Watson (bow), 1; Ridout (stroke), Fisher, Roger, Greer (bow), 2. Time 4.54.

Final—R. McKenzie (stroke), 1; Ridout (stroke), 2. Time 4.53 1-2.

Novice handicap single—C. S. Watson, 10 seconds, 1; J. Schulte, 30 seconds, 2. Time 5.29.

In the first road race for the trophy for Welland Vale and Brantford riders, the first ten finished in the following order: A. McGee, handicap, 3 1-2 mins.; James Willett, 3 mins.; J. D. McBath, 4 mins.; Q. McClure, 3 1-2 mins.; J. Smith, scr.; W. Burns, Tilsonburg, 2 mins.; W. Spanner, 2 1-2 mins.; W. S. Buchanan, 4 mins.; G. Abbott, scr.; A. Murray, scr.

Following are the results of the St. Matthew's tennis tournament, concluded last Saturday:

Final, open singles—Paterson beat McMaster, 5-7, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3, 6-1.

Final, handicap—Emerson Bennett (—15) beat C. E. Turner (scr.), 6-1, 6-0, 6-1.

Final, ladies' handicap—Miss Blain (—30) beat Mrs. Cox (—15), 6-1, 5-7, 6-3.

Final, mixed doubles—Miss Summerhayes and Macdonell beat Miss Hiron and Emerson Bennett, 10-8, 1-4, default.

Dr. Bennett, of Meaford, proved himself a wonderful racketeer. He won the handicap by careful and almost faultless work, and used either right or left hand as required. He was obliged to leave in the middle of the second set of the mixed doubles to catch his train home, when the game was in a very interesting state. His opponents pulled out the first set after 4-0 had been called against them, and again when the others were within one point of the set.

Other tennis events were Canada's victory over Rushing by 5 events to 4, and Osgoode Hall's defeat of Moss Park by 6 to 3.

Notwithstanding the many changes in the Toronto baseball team, the long-expected and as long-deferred upward tendency fails to materialize. It really looks as if the Toronto team are travelling in inexplicable hard luck.

A press despatch from Paris says: "Before their sailing for home, United States Commissioner-General Peck gave a dinner in honor of the 'American' athletes who contested in the amateur championship games held in connection with the Exposition. The athletic sports, in which the 'American' participants showed to such great advantage, will be followed by a continuous series of sporting and other competitions, the list including gymnastics, revolver and rifle shooting, swimming, fire drills, rowing and bicycling. In all these the United States will be represented. The rowing contests are expected to prove very interesting, owing to the large number of nations represented. Besides the Americans, the races will bring out crack oarsmen from Holland, Spain, Denmark, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. The regattas will open on August 20 at Courbevoie." What a pity that Canada's name does not figure, though Canadians participate, in international sports!

One of the most remarkable horse-races on record is recalled by the New York "Tribune": Cotton futures were dealt in nearly a century ago in South Carolina. The information of the first recorded transaction of this kind is contained in the reminiscences of E. J. Scott, General Wade Hampton, father of the present venerable soldier and statesman, was a party to the deal, and it is not surprising that as he was then the chief patron of the turf in South Carolina, a remarkable horse-race was involved. Ainsley Hall, who came from England as a clerk and afterwards established himself as a merchant and cotton buyer had, when the War of 1812 closed, a conditional contract with General Hampton for the purchase of Hampton's three crops of cotton, that had been stored pending the close of hostilities. A large amount was involved, as the General was, perhaps, the most extensive planter in the State at that time, working hundreds of slaves in his cotton fields. The sale was made at a stipulated price, provided Hall signified his confirmation of the bargain to Kirkpatrick & Co., their mutual factors in Charleston, before it was rescinded by Hampton's order. The news of peace between England and America was received in Columbia by both Hampton and Hall about the same hour. The latter had not yet confirmed the cotton trade, and it was known that cotton would immediately advance 300 or 400 per cent., and each was interested to the amount of about \$40,000 in first communicating with the factors in Charleston—the one to confirm and the other to nullify the agreement. By the old stage road, which was very rough in those days, Charleston was 137 miles from Columbia, and the swiftest communication was, of course, by mounted messenger. Hall hastened away a little, wary, tough Scotchman in his employ mounted on a fleet horse to close the contract with Kirkpatrick, while General Hampton started his most trusted negro jockey, astride

of his best racer, bred and trained to run eight miles, with a rote revoking the conditional contract. The little Scotchman had two hours' start, and was told to win the race without considering the life of the really splendid horse he mounted. The negro jockey, however, was ordered to ride fast, but with judgment, and not to injure the pride of the Hampton stables. It was a remarkably close run for the distance. Two days of racing brought the ambassador of Hall to the door of Kirkpatrick's office on a horse that was dead spent and died from fatigue. Ten minutes later, with long, easy stride, the Hampton thoroughbred came to the door, with plenty of reserve force, but losing one of the biggest purses ever raced for in America.

The twelfth annual tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association is to be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake on the 12th inst., and following days, and promises to be a success. A number of valuable trophies and prizes are offered for competition.

Some of Next Season's Plays.

O read the roster of next season's plays is a good deal like reading a list of last season's novels, writes Acton Davies in the "Impressionist." So many of the dramatized novels have scored stage successes in the last few years that the instant a book achieves a success that is all out of the ordinary, a dozen managers and sars are knocking at the author's door clamoring for the theatrical rights to it. Mary Manning, who will begin her stellar career in October, has chosen Janice Meredith as her initial play. Dr. Robert Drouet will create the hero, and Burr MacIntosh will create the principal character part. In case this play, which is being dramatized by the author, Paul Leicester Ford, and Edward Rose, should fail, Miss Manning will forsake the world of fiction and strike out boldly in A Durward Lady, an old English drama, by Mrs. Alan Arthur and Victor Mapes. Meantime, Miss Manning's husband, J. K. Hackett, is preparing for Richard Carvel. When this play will be put on, however, is rather uncertain. It received a few rehearsals last month, but Mr. Hackett's manager now announces that the new season will re-open with The Pride of Jennico, which has by no means exhausted its popularity as yet. Up to the time that Hackett produced The Pride of Jennico, only twenty thousand copies of Egerton Castle's novel had been sold in America. Since that time, according to its publisher's statement, the sale of the novel has exceeded 100,000 copies. Which simply goes to show that it is a poor sort of an advertisement that won't work two ways.

Gillette's great success in Sherlock Holmes has not been seen outside of New York yet, so there is no danger of his producing any new play next year. The popularity of this play continues so great that it will in all probability remain in New York for at least two months next season, and will then jump to London direct. W. H. Crane, meanwhile, is hard at work on David Harum. This play was produced in Syracuse in the spring with a good deal of success, but its last act was still so rickety that it has gone back to the playwright's workshop to undergo some severe alterations and repairs during the summer. Meanwhile Julia Marlowe, at her summer home, is burying herself deep in the history of the Tudors. Henry Guy Carlton has finished a dramatization of When Knighthood was in Flower, and as soon as the public has tired of Barbara Freitchie this play will see the limelight.

Mary Johnston's two great novels, To Have and To Hold and Prisoners of Hope, have been secured by Charles Frohman, and in view of the fact that the part of Geoffrey Landers in Prisoners of Hope would suit William Faversham almost as well as the role he played in Brother Officers, it is fair to predict that this play will be seen at the Empire during the season. What the plans are for To Have and To Hold have not yet been made public. This novel contains an ideal part for Mary Manning, but the chances are that when the play is put on Margaret Anglin will be seen in the principal role.

Another dramatized book which Charles Frohman is setting great store by is Locke's Idols, a novel which made a stir in England by its tremendous strength, but has attracted very little notice in this country. If one-tenth of the power of the story gets into the play it will be a huge success.

But one of the most interesting of all the dramatized novels promises to be Red Pottage. The immense success which this story of Mary Cholmondeley's has served will make the public unusually captious with regard to the liberties which are taken with it.

Early in the season, Philadelphia is to have the first production of Weir Mitchell's The Adventures of Francis, with Henry Dixey in the cast, and David Belasco's version of Madam Butterfly will take to the road to repeat the huge success which it has already scored both in New York and London.

Francis Wilson has named his new opera Booloo Booloo, not easy to pronounce, but an odd title. The music is by Ludwig Engländer, with book by J. Cheever Goodwin.

The copyright of the new four-act romantic drama, The Diamond Necklace, by Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe, stands in the name of Lillie de Bathe, who will use it next season.

Minnie Seligman, who claims to have been offered several hundred thousand dollars or less to remain in vaudeville, will be starred by Fred C. Whitney next season in a new play called Dad's Own Girl. The play is the work of two unknown dramatists—that is the reason it is likely to be a success.

The Sardou plays, owned by Clarence M. Brune, will be put out on the road next season under various management. Charles H. Clarke has recently secured the rights to Fedora, which he will produce in an elaborate manner. Mr. Clarke is now booking his route. The scenery, costumes and accessories used by the late Fanny Davenport will be used as the nucleus for the production. Fedora's tour will extend west to the Missouri river.

Golf.

THE tournament of the Royal Canadian Golf Association, to be held on the links of the Royal Montreal Club, at Dixie, is now taking the attention of all Canadian golfers. The secretary of the association, Mr. Hanbury A. Budden, of the Montreal Club, has arranged the official programme. The dates set are September 26th to 29th (Wednesday to Saturday). The events of the tournament are as follows:

Wednesday, September 26.

10 a.m.—Amateur Championship of Canada. First round. (Open to all bona-fide amateurs, members of clubs associated or affiliated with the Royal Canadian Golf Association, and who have resided in Canada for a period of at least six months previous to above date.) 18 holes, match play. Final round, 36 holes. Ties to be decided by the first additional hole won. Entries close 6 p.m. Tuesday, September 25. First prize, the Aberdeen cup. Second prize, silver medal. Entrance fee, \$2. In event of entries exceeding 32 in number, the committee has the right to order a preliminary round, medal play, the 16 best scores to continue. Ties to be decided by one hole.

2 p.m.—Second round, Amateur Championship.

Thursday, September 27th.

10 a.m.—Third round, Amateur Championship.

2 p.m.—Fourth round, Amateur Championship.

Friday, September 28th.

10 a.m.—First 18 holes, final round, Amateur Championship.

2 p.m.—Second 18 holes, final round, Amateur Championship.

Saturday, September 29th.

10 a.m.—Open handicap. (Open to all members of associated or affiliated clubs of the United States Golf Association, or the Royal Canadian Golf Association.) Medal play. Ties to play the first additional hole. Handicap limited to 18 strokes. Entrance fee, \$2. First, second and third prizes. A prize will also be given by the President to the competitor making the lowest net score.

2 p.m.—Inter-provincial match, Quebec vs. Ontario. Teams not to be over twenty or under ten players.

Entries for the championship and handicap must be made on forms provided by the Secretary, and must be in his hands not later than 6 p.m. Tuesday, September 25th. Entries for the handicap will be received at the Royal Montreal Golf Club house up to 6 p.m., Friday, September 28th. Entries must in all cases be made by club secretaries, and accompanied by fees. Rules of play will be those of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, except as modified by the local rules of the Montreal Club. The address of the secretary is No. 401 New York Life Building, Montreal.

The course at Dixie is being vastly improved, and the western contingent will see a great change since they last played over the links. The course will in September embrace the full 18 holes. The greens will be put in excellent order, and the ground, which has always been hard through the number of flat stones near the surface, has been much improved. The Royal Montreal Club and the R.C.G.A. might have taken a leaf from the book of the Garden City club and the U.S.G.A., and inserted in the programme "No local rules." The application of local rules is often very disastrous to the stranger to the links.

The Women's Championship of Great Britain will next year be held on the links of the Aberdovey Club in Wales. The choice lay between the world-famed St. Anne's course and Aberdovey, and the luck fell to Wales.

Mr. C. G. Broadwood, captain of the Scarborough Club, Ganton, England (from which club comes Harry Vardon), arrived in America last week. He will make a tour of the principal courses in the States before his return. Mr. Broadwood was invited to play in the Invitation Tournament at Shinnecock Hills, but could not accept, as his time in America would not permit of a stay of any great length in one place.

Mr. J. S. Gillespie, Canadian amateur champion in 1897, won the handicap event at the formal opening of the Long Beach G. C. His score was 87. He made a new record of 39 for the 9 holes. This is another instance of Canadian golf in the United States.

The annual Invitation Tournament of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club has come and gone, and so far as W. J. Travis is concerned, has served the purpose of enabling him to hang another scalp to his already well-decorated belt. The majority of the contestants were from the younger school, to one of which a good many thought Travis would succumb. The champion in some of his recent writings has prophesied that such events would repeatedly happen in the near future, so well were the younger men coming to the front. In the final round on Friday, Travis defeated Roderick Terry in a walk, by 12 up and 11 to go. Travis went out in 36 and in 40, his score of 36 for the 9 holes breaking the record. Travis has now won so far this year: The open tournament at Atlantic City, the Metropolitan championship, the open tournament at Oakland, the amateur championship, and now the Shinnecock event! His success has been sure and steady, and been won for him through hard and consistent practice and study. His iron play is about the best in America, and he has improved in his drives. Saturday, the last day of the successful tournament, was given over to the 36-hole handicap, a large field entering. Travis was rated at plus 8, and in the morning turned in a card of 77, but took 86 in the afternoon. Charles Hitchcock, of Yale, won the prize for the best 18 holes, his score being 75. He tied, however, with W. B. Cheney, with 156 net for the handicap cup. Hitchcock was scratch, and Cheney had 8. The highest handicap given was 30, the player receiving it coming in last, however. The tournament was well managed, and all unite in saying that the coming Women's Championship meet could not be played over a better course.

Rosedale suffered defeat at the hands of the Cobourg team last Saturday. The teams and scores were:

Rosedale—Lyon 4, Hood 1, Baxter 1, Dawson 0, Bailie 0, Robin, C., 0, Wright 0, Martin 0, Vince 0, total 6.

Cobourg—Hargratt, A., 0, Mason 0, Ivie 0, Denny 1, Gordon 5, Horning 3, Dick 5, Crossen 6, Armstrong 0; total, 20.

Captain Lyon established a new record for the course in his 37, Mr. A. Hargratt having previously held it at 39. The visiting team was royally entertained, and returned well pleased with its trip. A return match is being arranged for Saturday next on the Rosedale links. The Cobourg course is an exceptionally good one, and kept in first-class order. Artesian wells are used in a number of the fields with the best results. The bunkers, with but one or two exceptions, are artificial, but the best possible result has been attained. The committee is enlarging the course and almost immediately some 600 yards will be added to its length. The club-house and appointments are excellent. The Toronto players report that Cobourg is a strong team, and on its own ground will take a formidable aggregation to defeat it. With the exception of V. C. Brown, Strath and Chisholm, Rosedale had its strongest team in the field, and it is questionable if these changes would have reversed the score.

Ritchie, the Rosedale pro., has been in St. Catharines, coaching. Instead of taking the players singly, he has been instructing them in batches.

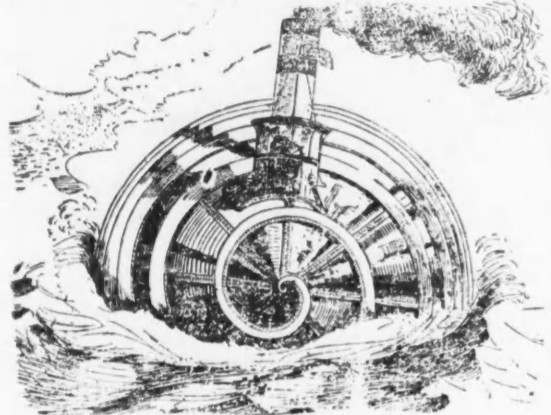
HAZARD.

Sawyer's Serpentine Ship.

Mr. Knapp's Roller Boat Discounted by a Western Inventor

In these days attempts are continually being made by means of roller-boats, turbine-propellers, and such things, to hit upon a new principle in ship-building, and to attain the maximum of speed, at the minimum of cost, in navigation. The latest solution offered of the problems so often "solved" by would-be inventors comes from the breezy West. Sawyer is the name of the man who claims to have invented a craft that can make eighty miles an hour, and cross the Atlantic in three days. Minneapolis is his headquarters, and that he is not devoid of knowledge of mechanical principles is proved by the fact that he is the master mechanic of a railway.

The principle of the new invention is a combination of the ingredients of railroad and marine construction. Sawyer describes his idea for himself. "The principle I apply in my invention," says he, "is an old and familiar one with marine engineers and shipbuilders—the screw propeller. As used to-day the screw propeller is not a true screw, but simply a fair representation of one. Screw propellers generally are made with three or four flat arms or paddles, which represent the threads or flanges of a screw. The water in relation to these represents the nut. Hence the term screw propeller. But with this class of propeller it is utterly impossible to attain a speed of over 80 revolu-



THE SERPENTINE BOAT, BOW ON.

tions per minute in getting up a rapid movement of the vessel. Over this speed the disintegration of the nut takes place, the propeller flies around, throwing off the water and forming a vortex about it, with the result that the vessel comes to a standstill, regardless of the fact that the engines are pounding out 80 or more revolutions a minute.

"The problem in shipbuilding to-day, when desiring speed, is in the construction of the body or hull. The engines are perfect. In fact, they are ahead of anything else about a ship—giving more work for the propeller than it can take care of. The shipbuilder is obliged to produce a body or hull that will make up the desired increase in speed.

"I use the screw principle, but I apply it in its complete and truest form, together with a perfectly formed and balanced hull. I believe I have produced a vessel that fills the bill for speed.

"When afloat my boat resembles the whalebacks seen on the lakes, and on the drydock it looks like nothing else but a gigantic cigar, provided with a large funnel at either end, that stands well up out of the water and serves as conning tower or pilot house and smokestack and ventilating shafts.

"Between these funnels and completely surrounding the main hull or body is the propeller shell or screw. This revolving shell or screw is made to revolve about the hull on ball bearings which travel in a grooved collar or band screwed to the outer surface of the hull near the funnels. On the ends of the screw shell are heavy flat leather rings, which are adapted to engage three or more threads, or flanges on the outer radial faces of the collars on the hull. Together with a sufficient supply of oil applied from within the hull I secure a perfectly smooth-running and water-tight



CHARLES H. SAWYER.

connection. Secured on the inner surface and at the central portion of the revolving shell are steel ribs or tracks constructed of railroad rails. The engines are carried within the hull or body at its lowest portion. The floor of the hull is slotted at the place over the tracks to allow the driving wheels of the engine to engage the track or ribs. Power then is transmitted to the screw shell by friction. This is the principle of the locomotive and rails reversed, wherein the engine stands fast and the rails travel forward, or rather the principle of the testing platform used in almost all of the locomotive shops. About the outer surface of the screw shell are wound two or three steel flanges, making three turns around in the length of the shell. This gives me a perfect screw propeller and one that is always entering solid water, which is not the case with the rear propeller, which has to struggle with broken and eddied water, made so by the hull in front of it.

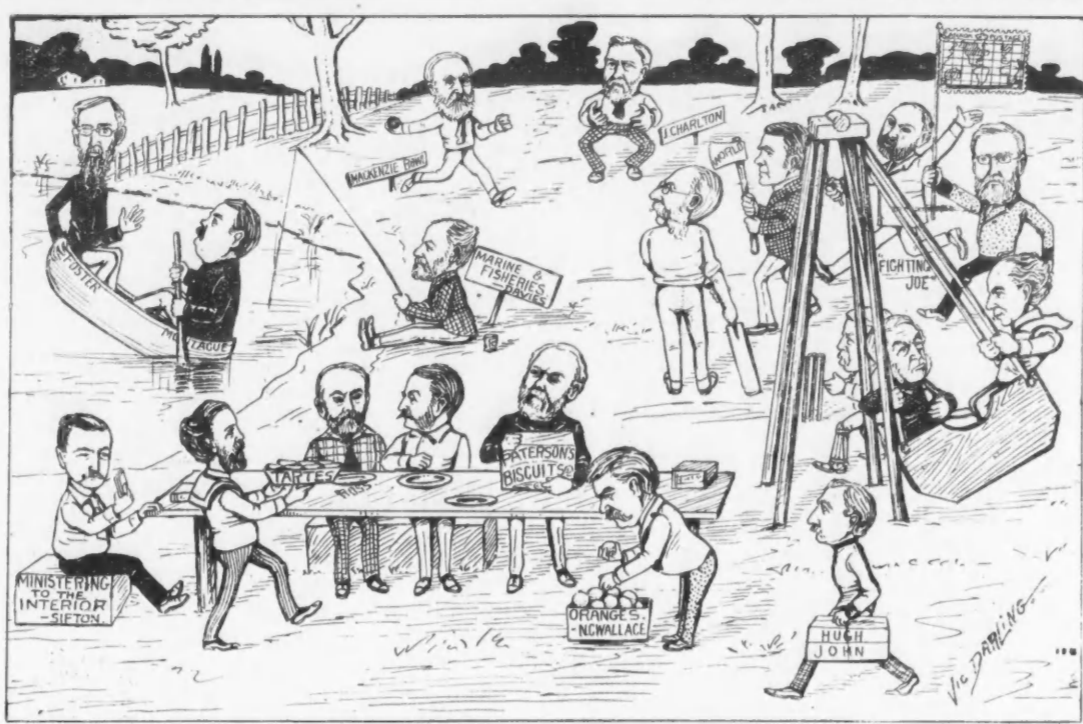
"I provide protection for the flanges on that portion of the screw shell which stands above the water line by a shell or back. This shell is made to provide an upper deck and promenade and is used the same as the decks of all vessels are used.

"I claim a high rate of speed for this type of vessel from the fact that in three revolutions of the screw shell the boat travels one length ahead, and the speed is limited only by the engines and material in its make-up.

"I have experimented with a small-sized one for some time, and have always found it on top and ready for business. At present I am building one for pleasure capable of carrying fifteen or twenty persons on the promenade deck, which I intend putting on the lakes near Minneapolis."

Superior in Vowels.

TRAVELLER returned from Mexico says he overheard a remarkable discussion, while dining in a restaurant. At the table next to him sat a party consisting of a Frenchman, a German, an Italian, a couple of Mexicans, and a Scotchman. The conversation turned upon the compar-



"SATURDAY NIGHT'S" ANNUAL POLITICAL PICNIC.

ative beauty of language. Each one of the party contended that his own language was the superior of all others. The German based his contention upon the wonderful strength and self-sufficiency of the German language and the virile character of its thoughts and its literature. The Frenchman claimed that the French language not only had no superior, but no equal, in its ability to express all thoughts accurately and with true beauty and depth of feeling.

The Italian and one of the Mexicans each claimed one beauty to which no other language could lay claim, the beauty of sonorous sound. The battle waxed hot between these two, the Mexican maintaining that Spanish had more true full vowel sounds than any other living language.

Finally, both appealed the matter to the Scotchman, who had, contrary to the characteristics of his race, not taken any part in the discussion, good, bad or indifferent. Sammy scratched his head for a moment, as though reflecting deeply; then he said: "Ah, weel, a dinna ken but wha' ye'll be bath right, for ye ocht to ken yer aine langwidge weel. But when it comes to talkin' o' vowel sounds a dinna ken any langwidge that ken coom oop to the Scotch. A'll jist give ye a wee story that illustrates wha' A wad tell ye.

"A mon aene went into a store in Dunkirk, an' caught a piece o' cloth atween his fingers an' his thumb an' he said to the storekeeper:

"Oo?"

"And the storekeeper said: 'Ay, oo.'

"Aw oo?" said the mon.

"Ay, aw oo," answered the storekeeper.

"Aw a oo?" asked the mon.

"Ay, aw a oo," said the storekeeper.

"There's a complete business transaction carried on without the use o' a single consonant sound. A dinna ken if either Italian or Spanish or any ither langwidge can equal that."

The above story, as told by the Scotchman, is here given with the representation of the sounds of the words, in preference to the Scotch spelling, which might not be familiar to some of the readers. The translation of the conversation which took place between the merchant and his customer is as follows:

"Wool (oo)?"

"Yes, wool (ay, oo)."

"All wool (aw oo)?"

"Yes, all wool (ay, aw oo)."

"All one wool (aw a oo)?"

"Yes, all one wool (ay, aw a oo)."

Man, Thirsty Man!

OFTEN have heard the Darwinians assert That man from the apes was descended, That he hung in the trees and swung in the breeze Ere his caudal affixure was ended; That the coconut served him for food and for drink, Ere he learned to boil soup and wash dishes— But to me it appears there's good reason to think That mankind are descended from fishes.

Let us take a few types. There's the oyster, the eel, The sucker, the contrite crustacean, Each a likeness asserting, most odd and diverting, To your friends in life's peregrination. There's the goldfish and shiner who bask in the wealth That pertains but to this life—no other! And the shark who approaches in silence and stealth, With intent to devour his brother.

We have all seen the cod, whose career is a joke, And the jellyfish, lacking decision, And the cuttlefish, who, when there's fighting to do, Fouls the waters and laughs in derision. The mud-cat is only a stick-in-the-mud. The trout represents the Four Hundred—He's exclusive and thinks he's too smart to be "caught." But discovers sometimes he has blundered.

The analogy further could easily be pressed To prove how the race is descended— At all times a scaly and slippery tribe, Most oddly related and blended. Re the coconut diet, let scientists think What they please, if the thought suits their wishes, But man always has drunken and always will drink—Crowning proof he's derived from the fishes.

LANCE.

Defense of Plagiarism.

THEIEVERY is the basis of all progress, while honesty is simply that which restrains others until we have had a chance to enjoy our plunder, is the interesting contention of a writer in "Ainslee's Magazine." Now this is an excellent thing as far as things concrete are concerned, but entirely harmful when applied to abstractions.

To state the matter briefly, truth and beauty are eternal, and the most any man can do is to become conscious of them. A truth is in no wise affected by man's discovery of it except inasmuch as he mars it by stamping it with his own individuality, but he is affected by it. It widens his mental horizon as it does that of every one who plagiarizes from him. The more it is stolen, the more it is increased, and it is entirely impossible for any man successfully to lay claim to it as being peculiarly his own. Every fundamental idea belongs to the race as a whole, just as does a word. Some man may be the medium through which it finds expression, but it in no sense belongs to him. He could not have thought out his new idea if he had not

people said and sang: "It's the man behind the gun who does the work." Now it's the man behind the gun who's on the pork.

The Celestial Empire, they say, has no post-office. A country where a fellow can't be dunned or made love to by letter can't be so far down in the scale of civilization, after all.

How Granny Reads Her Omar.

YESTERDAY'S dandyline is shut, that's so; An' where last evenin's shower is, I danno— But never min'—the buttercup is out, An' sunshine's what we need to make things grow.

Come, now! cheer up an' have a cup o' tea! Things ain't so hard's you make 'em out to be. Be happy while you can; time ain't so long But what it soon must end fer you an' me.

Some wants the earth. Yes; an' there do be some That's everlastin' wantin' Kingdom Come— You hang to what you've got, an' leave the rest To them as ain't contented here at hum.

You needn'ter think the worl's a-goin' ter know About it, when you quit this earth below; There's several others died sence Time began, An' likely others will keep doin' so.

Oh, well, o' course, if we could shift the plan O' Heaven an' Earth, to meet the mind o' man, We might be happy fer awhile—but laws! Folks ain't been suited sence the worl' began!

'Twon't pleasure me ter have you mourn fer me— I'd rather you'd be happy, as I be, So when you pass my empty place, jest stop An' laugh a little laugh fer me to see.

—Mary Youngs in "Scribner's."

Anonymous Love-Letters.

EVERY man who fills an effective public position has an especially good opportunity for moralizing upon feminine frivolity and frailties. A handsome actor, a good-looking, popular preacher, a charming singer, finds the women go down before him much as the ladies do before the hero of Patience. Good looks are not always necessary, though, as a rule, women prefer their idols to be handsome. Excessive notoriety will do instead. The men who go through society worshipped and adored by the women, must indeed be inclined to adopt the true Guy Livingstonian view of the other sex. These ladies who sneak after the man of mushroom notoriety—impugning him to come to their apartments, begging him for his photograph, or a copy of his poems, or an autograph letter, or a lock of his hair—must appear to him very "poor little beasts" indeed. But however he may despise them, he can, to a certain extent, understand their motives. They want other women to see him talking to them, to meet him at their houses, to be aware that he has written letters to them, and given them his photograph. The idea these people entertain must be that they obtain a second-hand distinction by being associated in people's minds with the idol of the hour. Women have from all time regarded it as sufficient honor for themselves to be the favorites of great men. This is but a modern rendering of the old story. They have made it the fashion to sit in adoring circles round their hero, and gaze upon him with meek eyes of wonder, much as if he were a Persian prince, and they his humble slaves. But there is none of the charm of danger in this, and perhaps not much excitement; for it is all done in public, and has become a prominent feature in the programme of most drawing-room entertainments.

But this open form of hero worship does not satisfy the hearts of all. There are dainty intrigues who desire more, who hunger for excitement, and thirst after the delights of danger. The spoiled favorites of the public regard the women who openly worship them as pleasantly intelligible and wholesome, compared to the others who tease and perplex them by mysterious modes of address. Probably no conspicuous actor, singer, or preacher has succeeded in escaping that strange and exciting missive, the anonymous love-letter. These professions are especially the victims of feminine adoration; there is something peculiarly fascinating to a woman's mind in a personal appearance before the public. The average run of women appreciate the charm of physique much more readily than the power of brains, or even of genius. Thus, men of letters, of science, composers, and artists commonly escape the affliction of feminine worship in any great abundance. But the man who has a romantic appearance, a charming manner, and has used his brains to make these gifts of nature agreeable to the public, becomes at once a target for the eyes of the women. They have only to go to a certain public place any day, any night, and they can contemplate their idol at leisure. But consider when a whole theater or opera house full of people are admiring this man at a distance, how exciting it would be to be one singled out of the crowd—to have some sweet and secret understanding with this hero!

"Who on earth are the women who write me these letters?" said a well-known actor only the other day. "Here is one who says she is dying of love for me, though she had only seen me twice on the stage. I am constantly getting these things; but I don't care about love-letters from women I don't know. Who can they be?"

Easily answered: When Anonyma writes a letter of this kind she can venture to sign it; but women who have names dare not use them. These foolish creatures, who excite themselves over one-sided intrigues, belong to good families, have reputations that can not be sacrificed, and are made intensely timid and vacillating by their education and surroundings. They long for the forbidden things of the outer world—for the excitement of unknown adventure, the thrill of unfamiliar danger. They have an innate tendency toward intrigue, and a taste for secret passions. They long for the experience of some desperate amour; but they have not the courage to carry out any of these adventures, which seem to them so appetizing. They yearn silently after the unattainable; but they cannot refrain from dabbled with it.

Augusta looks at her own blonde beauty in the glass when she comes home from the theater, and wonders whether that dark hero thought her handsomer than the other women in the stalls. He certainly looked at her. Oh, if she could only tell him how she admires him! how she could love him if she might! Why not tell him? The fond fool writes her letter. A terror, the fear of a true coward who has not the courage of her convictions, seizes her when she comes to the signature. She leaves it unwritten. But the theater has a new, strange excitement for her now. He has had her letter; he has read it; perhaps it is in his pocket; perhaps he keeps it next his heart. She forgets that the actor gets love-letters in the same quantity as a parson gets slippers. He could not well carry them about with him. Augusta writes again; it relieves her heart. She tells him when she will be at the theater. It is so delightful to fancy him looking for her. And so she holds her dream at arm's length, reveling in it as heartily as any open sinner, but never daring to avow it. She has a delicious excitement sometimes when she tells herself that one day she will sign a letter. But that day never comes. She is utterly frail at heart, and she has one good quality less than the open sinners. She has no courage. She resigns herself to "the daily round, the common task," merely because she has not the pluck to break society, to horrify her mother-in-law, and amaze her aunt. After all, the men who get these amorous epistles need not grieve that they are unsigned. The woman who will write an anonymous love-letter, though she may be a duchess or a princess, is not worth knowing—certainly not worth loving.—San Francisco "Argonaut."

It is no contradiction of terms to say that the plain-looking old maid is a matchless woman.



King Alexander of Serbia, who has caused a stir by wishing to marry a woman twice his age, who was one of his mother's ladies in waiting.

The Fable of the Preacher.

Who Flew His Kite, but not Because He Wished to Do So.

A CERTAIN Preacher became wise to the fact that he was not making a hit with his congregation. The Parishioners did not seem inclined to seek him out after Services and tell him he was a Pansy. He suspected that they were Rapping him on the Quiet.

The Preacher knew there must be something wrong with his Talk. He had been trying to expound in a clear and straightforward manner, omitting Foreign Quotations, setting up illustration of his Points such Historical Characters as were familiar to his Hearers, putting the stubby old English words ahead of the Latin, and rather flying low along the Intellectual Plane of the Aggregation that chipped in to pay his Salary.

But the Pew-Holders were not tickled. They could understand everything he said, and they began to think he was Common.

So he studied the Situation and decided that if he wanted to Win them and make everybody believe he was a Nobby and Boss Minister he would have to hand out a little Guff. He fixed it up Good and Plenty.

On the following Sunday Morning he got up in the Lookout and read a Text that didn't mean anything, read from either Direction, and then he sized up his Flock with a Dreamy Eye and said: "We cannot more adequately voice the Poetry and Mysticism of our Text than in those familiar Lines of the great Icelandic Poet, Ikon Navrojk:

"To hold is not to have—
Under the seared Firmament,
Where Chaos sweeps, and Vast Futurity
Sneers at these puny Aspirations—
There is the full Reprisal."

When the Preacher concluded this Extract from the Well-Known Icelandic Poet he paused and looked downward, breathing heavily through his Nose, like Camille in the Third Act.

A Stout Woman in the Front Row put on her Eye-Glasses and leaned forward so as not to miss Anything. A Venerable Harness Dealer over at the Right nodded his Head solemnly. He seemed to recognize the Quotation. Members of the congregation glanced at one another as if to say: "This is certainly Hot Stuff!"

The Preacher wiped his Brow and said he had no Doubt that every one within the Sound of his Voice remembered what Quorolius had said, following the same Line of Thought. It was Quorolius who dispensed the Contention of the great Persian Theologian Ramtazuk, that the Soul in its reaching out after the Unknowable was guided by the Spiritual Genesis of Motive rather than by mere impulse of Mentality. The Preacher didn't know what all This meant, and he didn't care, but you can rest easy that the Pew-Holders were On in a minute. He talked it off in just the Way that Cyrano talks when he gets Roxane so Dizzy that she nearly falls off the Piazza.

The Parishioners bit their Lower Lips and hungered for more First-Class Language. They had paid their Money for Tail Talk and were prepared to solve any and all Styles of Delivery. They held on to the Cushions and seemed to be having a Nice Time.

The Preacher quoted copiously from the Great Poet Amelius. He recited 18 lines of Greek and then said: "How true this is!" And not a Parishioner batted an Eye.

It was Amelius whose Immortal Lines he recited in order to prove the Extreme Error of the Position assumed in the Controversy by the Famous Italian, Polenta.

He had them Going, and there wasn't a Thing to it. When he would get tired of faking Philosophy he would quote from a Celebrated Poet of Ecuador or Tasmania or some other Seaport Town. Compared with this Verse, all of which was of the same School as the Icelandic Masterpiece, the most obscure and clouded Passage in Robert Browning was like a Plate-Glass Front in a State Street Candy Store just after the Colored Boy gets through using the Chamols.

After that he became Eloquent and began to get rid of long, Boston Words that hadn't been used before that Season. He grabbed a rhetorical Roman Candle in each Hand and you couldn't see him for the Sparks.

After which he sunk his Voice to a

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Whisper and talked about the Birds and the Flowers. Then, although there was no Cue for him to Weep, he shed a few real Tears. And there wasn't a dry Glove in the Church.

After he sat down he could tell by the Scared Look of the People in Front that he had made a Ten-Strike. Did they give him the Joyous Palm that Day? Sure!

The Stout Lady could not control her Feelings when she told how much the Sermon had helped her. The venerable Harness Dealer said he wished to endorse the Able and Scholarly Criticism of Polenta.

In fact, every one said the Sermon was Superfine and Dandy. The only thing that worried the congregation was the Fear that if it wished to retain such a Whale it might have to Boost his Salary.

In the Meantime the Preacher waited for some one to come and ask about Polenta, Amelius, Ramtazuk, Quorolius and the great Icelandic Poet, Navrojk. But no one had the Face to step up and confess his Ignorance of these Celebrities. The Pew-Holders didn't even admit among themselves that the Preacher had rung in some New Ones. They stood Pat, and merely said it was an Elegant Sermon.

Perceiving that they would stand for Anything, the Preacher knew what to do after that.

Moral: Give the People what they Think they want.—From "Fables in Slang," by George Ade.

Advertising Prize-Winners.

We learn from the last number of the "Assistant Manager" that the Canada Cycle and Motor Company recently arranged an advertising contest for their agents. The idea was eagerly adopted by the representatives of the company in all parts of the country, and many of the advertisements submitted were worthy of cosmopolitan classification. This is a good means of stimulating thought on the part of agents and increasing their interest in the success of the business they represent, and the Canada Cycle and Motor Company have shown their enterprise and originality in adopting an idea obviously so excellent. The winners are as follows, the first prize in each case being \$25, the second \$10, and third \$5:

Welland Vale contest—First, H. G. Kitchen, Fredericton, N.B.; second, W. H. Whillans, Ottawa; third, Joseph Pequegnat, Guelph.

Gendron contest—First, W. F. Cober, Galt; second, J. O. Stinson, Chesley; third, Richard Simpson Co., Toronto.

Cleveland contest—First, C. J. Mitchell, Brantford; second, C. R. Banks, Paris; third, Jones & Anderson, Wyoming.

Brantford contest—First, J. C. Beamer, Strathroy; second, Percy G. Armour, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; third, O. H. Garner, Welland.

Through an oversight, the names for the Massey-Harris contest were not returned in time to be published this week, but will be announced in next issue.

French Deliberation.

GUIDE (to a noble stranger)—

Pray, take a seat.

Stranger—Where are we?

Guide—In one of the boxes of the Chamber of Deputies, in that one which is especially reserved for noble strangers who come to visit the marvels of the Universal Exhibition.

Stranger—Does the Chamber of Deputies, then, form part of the Exhibition?

Guide—It is outside the bounds, but forms part of it all the same. It is, I venture to say, one of the principal curiosities in it. Attention. They are beginning.

(The President declares the sitting open. At the end of a few minutes a trifling row is heard below. Cries, shrieks and divers imprecations.)

Stranger—Oh, how very curious, to be sure!

Guide—Didn't I tell you?

Stranger—I do not regret having come here. It is as amusing as the Rue de Paris. (Pointing to someone.) Who is that gentleman who yells so loud?

Guide—It is a member of the Opposition. He is about to attack the Government.

Stranger—He yells magnificently. There are few men in my country who have so fine a voice. Ah! and who is that who yells just as loudly? Is he also attacking the Government?

Guide—No; he is defending it.

Stranger—Capital!

(All of a sudden an even more fearful tumult arises. Cries of "Thief!" "Assassin!" "Traitor!" "Scoundrel!" dominate the row.)

Guide—There, are you satisfied with it?

Stranger—Have they then allowed an assassin and a bandit to enter the hall?

Guide—Oh, dear, no! It is merely the Prime Minister who is ascending the tribune.

Stranger—He does not appear to mind it at all.

Guide—It is all the same to him. These are politics. Now look at the President of the Chamber, who is putting on his hat. No one in France puts on his hat so well as M. Deschanel. Everybody who wants to know how to put on a hat comes to take lessons. There are even some deputies whose sole reason for forcing him to cover himself is this. Ah! it is not all over yet. You are now going to hear a concert.

(They sing the "Marseillaise" and the "Carmagnole.")

Stranger—These gentlemen sing marvelously. But do you not find, my other Frenchmen, that these are somewhat strange political customs?

Guide (seized with patriotic shame and risking a pious fib)—But I beg pardon: all that is not serious. The deputies do that to amuse strangers, to offer them an extra attraction and



Lady—The dog you sold me last week came very near eating my little boy.
Dealer—Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?

they will give two performances a week to the end of the Exhibition in order to make their stay longer. But you must not think that such a state of things seriously happens. Ah, sir! for whom do you take us? It is a mere show like the Auteurs Gais or the Maison du Rire—a mere show—"Figaro."

Dooley on the Chinese Situation.

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Hennessy, "to think of the audacity of this Chinaman! It do bates all."

"It do that," said Mr. Dooley. "It bates th' wurruld. An' what's th' comin' to? You an' me looks at a Chinymen as though he wasn't good for anything but washin' shirts, an' not very good at that. 'Tis wan iv th' spoors iv th' youth iv our gr-reat cities to rowl an' impy beer-keg down th' steps iv a Chinese laundry, an' if'er a Chinymen come out to resist it they'd take him be th' pigtail an' do th' joyn't swing with him. But th' Chinymen at home's a diff'rent la-ad. He's with his frinds, an' they're manny iv thim, an' he's rowlin' th' beer-kegs himself, an' Western Civilization is down in th' laundry wond'rin' whin th' police 'll come along."

"Lord frigate me fr sayin' it, Hinnissy, but if I was a Chinymen, which I will fight anny man fr sayin' an' was livin' at home, I'd tuck me shirt into me pants, put me braid up in a net an' go out an' take a fall out iv th' in-vader if it cost me me life. Here am I, Hop Lung-Dooley, r-runnin' me little liquor-store an' p'rhaps raisin' a family in th' town iv Koochoo. I don't like foreigners there anny more than I do here. Along comes a baldheaded man with chin whiskers from Baraboo, Wisconsin, an' says he: 'Benighted an' haythen Dooley,' says he, 'ye have no God,' he says. 'I have,' says I. 'I have a lot iv thim,' says I. 'Ye ar-re an uncultivated an' foul creature,' he says. 'I have come six thousand miles fr to hist ye from th' mire iv ignorance an' ir-religion in which ye live to th' lofty plane iv Baraboo,' he says. An' he sets down on an aisy-chair, an' his wife an' her frinds come in an' they introjooce Mrs. Dooley to th' motherly improvements iv th' corset an' th' hat with th' blue-bur-ud onto it, an' put shame into her because she hasn't let her feet grow, while th' head missionary reads me a pome out iv th' 'Northwestern Christian Advocate.' 'Well,' says I, 'look here, me good fellow,' I says; 'me an' me people has occupied these here premises fr many years,' I says, 'an' here we mean to stay,' I says. 'We're doin' th' best we can in a mather iv gods,' says I. 'We have thim cast at th' first-rate foundry,' I says, 'an' we sandpaper thim ivry week,' says I. 'As fr knowin' thins, I says, 'my people wrote pomes with a markin'-brush whin th' likes iv ye was r-runnin' around wearin' a short pelisse iv sheepskins, an' batin' each other to death with stone hammers,' says I. An' I'm fr firin' him out, but bein' a quite man, I have him stay."

"Th' nex' day in comes a man with a suit iv clothes that looks like a table-cloth in a section-house, an' says he: 'Poor, ignorant haythen,' he says, 'what manner iv food d'ye ate?' he says. 'Rice,' says I, 'an' rats is me fav'rize dish,' I says. 'Deluded wretch,' says he, 'I reprisent Armour an' Company, an' I'm here to make ye change ye'r dite,' he says. 'Hinceforth ye'll ate th' canned roast beef iv merry ol' stock-yards, or I'll have a file iv sojers in to fill ye full iv ondysigible lead,' he says. An' afther him comes th' man with Ann Miranda's Pan-Cakes an' Flaked Bran, an' Ye'll-perish-if-ye-don't-eat-a-biscuit, an' other r-risprinitives iv Western Civilization, an' I'm to be shot if I don't take thim all."

"Thim a la-ad comes down with a chain an' a small glass an' three sticks, an' a gang iv section-men that answers to th' name iv Casey, an' pro-ceeds fr to put down a railroad. 'What's this fr?' says I. 'We ar-re th' advance-guard iv Western Civilization,' he says, 'an' we're goin' to give ye a railroad so ye can go swiftly to places that ye don't want to see,' he says. 'A country that has no railroads is be-

neath contempt,' he says. 'Casey,' he says, 'stretch th' chain across yur grave-yard,' he says. 'I am fr to put th' thrack just before that large tombstone marked Riquiescut in Pace, James H. Chung-a-lung,' he says. 'But,' says I, 'ye will disturb pah's bones,' says I. 'If ye go to layin' ties,' I says, 'I'll be mixin' up me ol' man with th' Cassidys in th' nex' lot that,' I says, 'he nivir spoke to save in anger in his life,' I says. 'Ye're an ancestor-worshiper, heathen,' says the la-ad, an' he goes on to tamp th' mounds in th' cimetry an' ballast th' thrack with th' remains iv th' deceased. An' afther he's got through along comes a Fr-rinchman, an' an' Englishman, an' a Roush-an, an' a Dutchman, an' says wan iv thim: 'This is a comfortable lookin' saloon,' he says. 'I'll take th' bar, ye take th' ice-box an' th' rest iv th' fixtures.' 'What fr?' says I. 'I've paid th' rent an' th' license,' says I. 'Nivir mind,' says he, 'we're th' r-risprinitatives iv Western Civilization,' he says. 'An' 'tis th' business iv Western Civilization to cut up th' belongings iv Eastern Civilization,' he says. 'Be off,' he says, 'or I'll pull ye'er hair,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'this thing has gone far enough,' I says. 'I've heard me good ol' east-iron gods or jesses abused,' I says, 'an' I've been packed full iv canned goods, an' th' Peking Lightnin' Express is r-runnin' straight through th' lot where th' bones iv me ancestors lies,' I says. 'I've stud it all,' I says, 'but whin ye come here to bounce me off iv me own premises,' I says, 'I'll have to take th' leg iv th' chair to ye,' I says. An' we're to th' lure."

"That's the way it stands in Chiny, Hinnissy, an' it looks to me as though Western Civilization was in fr a bump. I mind wanst whin a drunk prize-fighter come up th' r-road an' want to sleep on Slaviv's steps. Some iv th' good, strong la-ads came along an' they were near bein' at blows over who shud have his watch an' who shud take his hat. While they were debatn' he woke up an' begin outtin' loose with hands an' feet an' whin he got through he made a collection iv th' things they dropped in escapin', an' marched away turnin' down th' street. Mebbe th'w'll turn out so in Chiny, Hinnissy. I see by th' p-a-pers that they're four hundred millions iv thim boys, an' be hivin'! 'twudn't surprise me if whin they got through battn' us at home, they might say to thimself, 'Well, here goes fr a jaunt ar-round th' wurruld.' Th' time may come, Hinnissy, whin ye'll be squintin' wather over Hop Lee's shirt while a man named Chow Pung kicks through ye'r sign an' heaves rocks through ye'r windy. Th' time may come, Hinnissy. Who knows?"

"End ye'r blather," said Mr. Hennessy. "They won't be anny Chinymen left whin Imp'r Wullum gets through."

"Mebbe not," says Mr. Dooley. "He's a strong man. But th' Chinymen have been on earth a long time, an' I don't see how we can push so manny iv thim off iv thim. Anyhow, 'tis a good thing fr us they ain't Christians, an' haven't larned properly to sight a gun."

Where the Spankweed Grows

There's a corner in our garden, but my nurse won't tell me where.

That little boy must never see, but always thrust his nose in.

And in that corner, all the year, in rows, and rows, and rows.

A dreadful little flower called the Spankweed

Grows!

My nurse says that if a boy who doesn't wash his face,

Or pulls his little sister's hair, should ever find that place,

The Spankweed just would jump at him, and dust his little clo'es.

Oh, it's never safe for fellows where the Spankweed

Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man, and then

I'll go and find that Spankweed place—'Tis somewhere in the glen;

And when I get a swingin' it an' puttin' in my blows,

I bet there'll be excitement where the Spankweed

Grows!

—PAUL WEST.

An idea must feel awfully lonesome when it gets into some people's heads.

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.



Decrease the Coal Bill and Increase Your Comfort by using a

Famous Baseburner

Three sizes without Oven. Two sizes with oven. Every stove a double heater.

One third more heating surface than any other. Fire passes through three flues, while other stoves have only two, and thus securing one third more heat from the same fuel. Parlor stoves draw the cold air off the floor.

Removable firepot; flat or duplex grates; removable nickel jackets. The oven bakes perfectly.

You run no risk, we guarantee them.

The handsomest Baseburner in Canada

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THE McGLARY MFG. CO.

Transplanted Scotchmen.

A CORRESPONDENT to the "Outlook" suggests that it is a great pity that Sir James Crich-ton-Browne has not further investigated his theory of the Scottish descent of the Boers. "Cronje, he has told us, is a MacCrone. But what a pity he should stop at that! Louis Botha is really a Bothwell, the De Wets, of course, are Watts, Steyn is a Steen, but, most glorious instance of all, Kruger is a MacGregor. Indeed, Sir James might have given a convincing parallel. The Highlands of Scotland and the Transvaal are similar—each abounds with wild hills and big men with rugged whiskers. Then, again, in both places the men take whiskey and the women snuff. The evidence that the Boers are all Scotsmen becomes irresistible when we examine their strategy, which is that of Wallace and Sir David Leslie. Wallace let the English bodies cross Stirling Brig and then beat them back with great slaughter. Didn't the Boers do the same thing at the Tugela? Who was the first man to invent kopjes as a munition of war? The answer is Leslie. He entrenched himself on a hill and when the English attacked him they wished that they hadn't. His Transvaal descendants have not forgotten the lesson. But, most convincing argument of all—the Irish regiments have suffered most in this war because a Scotsman never loved a frishman and never will. The loss of the Highland Brigade at Magerfontein was due to the fact that Lord Methuen made the tactical error of permitting the brigade to advance without a slogan. If this had been done the Highlanders would have been received with 'whusky' and open arms instead of Mauser bullets. Run to think of the grand old name of Macgregor being changed to Krug! The war, surely, is a visitation of Providence on the Boers for disguising their Scottish descent."

Some Interesting Opinions.

THE "Revue des Revues" has been asking various well-known persons, from the Queen of Roumania to Dr. Max Nordau, their opinion of athletics and outdoor pastimes generally for women.

"Carmen Sylva" thinks that the modern woman is quite at liberty to go in for all sports of the day, but here follows a somewhat large order: "So long as she remains gracious and touching like Sakuntala, succeeds the distressed like St. Genevieve, sings and plays like St. Cecilia, brings up her children like Blanche of Castille, spins like Queen Bertha, weaves like Penelope, embroiders like the Roumanian Princesses of old, paints mis-sals like Ann of Britanny, tends the wounded like Florence Nightingale, and writes poetry like Margaret of Navarre and the Empress Elizabeth of Austria."

The Duchess d'Uzes' approval of all outdoor games and field sports for women is prefaced by the statement that she is a "feminist."

"But a 'feminist,' she adds, 'in what I consider is the right sense; that is to say, I believe that, as the woman is the guardian of home, to raise women is to raise the moral standard of their homes. That is why I am not alarmed to see mothers, wives, sisters and daughters sharing, to a certain extent, their sons', husbands', brothers', and fathers' outdoor sports. The son of a woman accustomed to face every danger is not likely to know what it means to be afraid."

Madame Clemence Royer, who is an authority on mathematical and natural science, is of the same opinion on the subject as these two ladies of the world. She believes "that women, by physical exercise, will gain in health, strength, and in grace of motion and carriage. The languid odalisques, who spent their days reclining on sofas, are quite out of date."

M. Sully Prudhomme, the poet, "con-

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

siders 'le sport' unwomanly; or, at all events, is rather fearful of woman borrowing from men purely virile qualities which would disfigure and ruin her charm."

More serious still are the objections raised by eminent medical men like Drs. Pozzi, Charcot, Max Nordau, and Hericourt, who, one and all, deprecate, to a lesser or greater extent, athletic sports for women. The last-named authority "is even of opinion that there is no kind of outdoor exercise which may be set down as absolutely harmless to the feminine system."

Dyspeptic Nerves

Cause Awful Suffering, and Daily Misery to Thousands.

But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure the Trouble Positively, Easily and Quickly—They Never Fail—A Double Treatment in Every Box—The Dyspeptic's Only Hope.

To thousands of people the pleasures of life are unknown. Forebodings of some terrible disaster oppress them, murder sleep and make their days long periods of horror. They are in constant dread of death, believing that the heart is diseased and that they may expire at any moment. Their nerves are shattered and cause the most acute suffering day and night.

This state is caused by Nervous Dyspepsia. Queer, isn't it, that such a hell of suffering should be caused by a derangement of the stomach! But such is the case.

Now, there is a short, quick, easy way out of this trouble. It is sure, positive—never fails—cannot fail. It is to take one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after every meal.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the most perfect digestive on earth. They do the stomach's work. They rest the stomach. They tone it up and strengthen it. They cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilio-sour, Sour Stomach, Wind on the Stomach and all other disorders of that organ.

The small, brown tablets that are in every box act on the bowels. They are the best laxative ever made. With Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets they cure the worst case of Stomach Trouble that ever tormented mankind. They never fail. They cannot fail. They change pain into pleasure, misery into health.

Even the crude man may acquire a certain amount of polish from the bootblack.



MUSIC

WHEN some months ago I ventured to suggest that Sousa's music conveyed the suspicion of being machine-made, or, in other words, that if you heard one of his marches you had really heard the lot, certain people in this city were very much incensed, and used some hot words in expressing their opinion that Sousa's marches were the beginning and the end of music. I note that in Berlin, where Sousa and his band have been playing, a musical journalist expresses a similar view to my own. The Berlin "Critic" says: "John Philip Sousa, known in America as the composer of numerous operettas and the director of a popular band, but in Europe until recently only as the composer of the 'Washington Post,' gave yesterday in Kroll's Garden the first of a series of concerts. It is worth one's while to attend these concerts. Not on account of the music which one hears there. That from first to last belongs to the category of 'garden literature.' Even that which Mr. Sousa calls a 'suite in three movements' is scarcely anything more than the Washington Post repeated three times; first in allegro; then in adagio, and finally in presto. Nor on account of the orchestra. That is no better than any German military band. It pays to go to Kroll's to see Mr. Sousa conducting his men. His directing is unlike that of any other conductor. He does not make this or that motion to draw from the orchestra this or that shade of tone. Moreover, inspired by what he hears, he indulges in an ever-changing, lively pantomime. Now he appears to be holding in his left hand the reins of a four-in-hand, then one imagines he has a whip in his right hand, while the next moment he appears to be driving according to the tempo of the movement. Again he stands, his head inclined to one side, as though taking aim with a gun, by way of portraying as a shot the fortissimo stroke of the bass drum. He floats, he dances, he assumes fencing positions—always in time with the music. It is well worth seeing—Mr. Sousa conducting his orchestra."

Giacomo Puccini, whose opera, La Tosca, was recently produced at Covent Garden Opera House, London, is of the fifth generation of a musical family. His father, Michele Puccini, was director of the Instituto Municipale of his native town of Lucca, and composed sacred and operatic music, as his forebears had done before him. When he died the grateful community bestowed a small annuity on his widow, and upon it she contrived to bring up her six children to the study of music. Giacomo, who was born in 1858, soon outdistanced his brothers and sisters, and in consideration of the good work done by the dead and gone Puccinis, he was allowed a year's free tuition at the Milan Conservatory. He was not one to waste such an opportunity. His first opera, Le Villi, was at first a failure. Later it became a complete success. His Elza was produced at La Scala in 1889, and his Manon Lescaut at Turin in 1893. His more recent La Vie de Bohème was well received at Paris.

A very curious example of a reversal of critical opinion has been called attention to in England. Some years ago Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden wrote a biography of Handel, in which he said: "Not for an age, but for all time, lived and worked George Frederic Handel. The world will continue to look up to him as it has long done with the reverence which belongs to greatness, with the awe which strength commands, and with the love which in public art, as well as in private life, is only to be won by greatness and strength when they are tempered and harmonized by the presence of beauty." These are certainly very positive opinions expressed in the height of eulogy. Mr. Hadden, however, it seems, can change his mind on a question as completely as the late Mr. Gladstone on the Irish problem. Quite recently Mr. Hadden wrote for "Musical Opinion" an article headed Handel and the Handel Fetish. Among other things he makes the following astonishing statement: "No one seriously contends that Handel was the greatest of all composers; nay, it might even be shown that he was not a great composer at all, as we regard a very great composer nowadays. There is no denying, nor does anyone wish to deny, the grandeur of some of Handel's work; but in the most stupendous of his choruses there is little that is emotionally sublime, little to inspire one with that rapturous feeling of ecstasy which one always experiences in listening to music like the garden, cathedral and prison scenes in Faust or the death scene in Tristan." I have called this statement astonishing merely in view of Mr. Hadden's former pronouncement on the subject. Mr. Hadden was naturally taken to task for his critical recantation by several smart journalists with good memories. Mr. Hadden defends himself by stating that when he wrote the biography of Handel he was "a literary babe and suckling." Of course no one will dispute the right of Mr. Hadden to change his mind. Perhaps some years hence he may make another right about face. Who knows?

New York is seriously considering the question of banishing the hand-organ. The Chicago "Tribune," in commenting upon the fact, says: "The

trouble is that the organ-grinder, like other citizens, has felt the spirit of the age, and he believes that music, like other merchandise, must be rushed. Consequently he turns out Trovatore with the same rapidity that he bestows upon a two-step, and he throws as little feeling into the Heart Bowed Down as he does into a cake walk. One really may put expression into the turning of an organ crank, and a vagabondish soul may find vent for its woes by this seemingly mechanical method. When cities were young and an organ-grinder had more leisure the latter would pause before a doorstep and give one the whole of Suwanee River before pausing to remind the listener that even harmony has its price. But now he will give one but a few feet of that famous stream before stopping to discover whether the whole course will be paid for, and frequently a liberal lover of music will be left floundering in the middle of the river. It may not be necessary to do away with the hand-organ altogether, but it is important to remind the grinder that he must preserve a higher standard of art."

A correspondent writes: Friday morning, 27th, saw the last of the most artistic musical events that have ever taken place in Hamilton. This last of the Lockwood lecture-recitals, though delightful as all that preceded, was listened to regretfully by the audience, as bringing to a close a series altogether unique. Unique because, while restricted to severely classical music, it had both interest and charm for people not specially interested in music. This was owing no less to the analytical power and terse diction of the lectures than to the intelligible and sympathetic rendering of the music. Nature rarely endows one person with the gift of fluency in two modes of expression, but to Mr. Lockwood's play has been this generous, adding to it the still rarer gift—the power of stopping just before the hearers have heard enough. The favored ones privileged to attend this course will henceforth listen to music in a new way. Appreciation of the best has been deepened in all, the true critical faculty awakened in the most superficial, and the horizon of even the most earnest students widened. The most salient characteristic of Mr. Lockwood's playing was the bringing to the realization of his hearers the meaning and beauty of rhythm, phrasing and tone-color, the listener's pleasure being always enhanced by that repose which is the outcome of complete technical command. The four lectures on piano-playing were of inestimable value to piano students, as they were from a strictly practical standpoint, and brilliantly illustrated as only an able pupil of Leschetizsky could do. The eight lecture-recitals covered the entire history of pianoforte music. Nineteen composers were represented, to five of whom a morning each was devoted. A series of programmes, including eight concertos, ten sonatas and about forty other compositions, played entirely from memory in the short space of four weeks, is an intellectual feat which few will attempt. From the charming delicacy and refinement of the eighteenth century composers, through the intellectualty of Beethoven, to the massive orchestral effects of Brahms, Rubinstein, Liszt and Grieg, is a long road in musical history, but it was traveled without monotony or fatigue, and the end reached with only regret that it was the end. A debt of thanks is owing to Mr. A. C. Alexander of the Hamilton Music School, not only for bringing Mr. Lockwood, but also for playing the orchestral accompaniments on a second piano.

Mrs. Elsa MacPherson, the gifted pianiste, who is at present in Chicago, studying with Leschetizsky's famous pupil, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, will, on her return to the city in September, be identified with the piano staff of the Toronto College of Music.

According to London "Truth," the Canadian examinations of the Associated Board have proved a disastrous failure. It says: "A year or two ago there was considerable discussion concerning the persistent attempts made by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music to force their examinations and diplomas upon the Canadians. Although the Canadian musicians desired to have anything to do with these examinations, which were held at a loss, the British authorities persisted in them. It may have been courageous, but it was not war, and in the end one of the officials chiefly concerned sent in his resignation. But the examinations were by some strange absurdity continued, and they have, as I learn, now come to a very ignominious fiasco. At the last Canadian examinations some pupils did enter, but the Associated Board suddenly abandoned the enterprise, and returned the fees to those who had paid them. This, it is hoped, is the last act of a very ridiculous comedy."

Lord Dysart was, down to a short time ago, a strong supporter, and an equally sturdy critic, of the Wagner movement. Since he has come into his estates he has, it is said, carried his love of music to the point that he has presented pianos to those of his cottagers, any member of whose family shows an aptitude for music. The non-musical Dysart cottagers promise, therefore, to have a lively time of it.

They are a curious lot of people in Paris. The recent awarding of the first prize at the National Conservatory of Music to a Mademoiselle Slevogt created almost a riot. The audience howled and hissed. Crowds assembled in the courts and cried, "Down with the jury." "Throw them into the river." The police were called to clear the hall; the people massed in

the streets and cuffed the jury about. When the unfortunate girl laureate appeared she was hissed, cuffed and insulted. The scandalous scene has decided the managers to hold the contests in private in future.

An interesting selection of songs, duets, quartettes, and recitations was given under the direction of Mr. Sherlock on Monday evening at the anniversary concert of Munro's Church, Trafalgar. The beautiful weather, the popularity of the performers, and the reputation of the director, combined to bring out a very large audience, to the great satisfaction of the Ladies' Aid Society, under whose auspices the concert was given. Those who contributed to the programme were the Misses Victoria Paterson and Wheeler, Mrs. McGilpin, Mr. Howitt, Mr. Sherlock, and the popular Carlton quartette, all of Toronto. The audience gave every indication of being specially well pleased, the unaccompanied part songs being received with much favor. Mrs. Wright-Orr, of Oakville, played the accompaniments with good taste and judgment.

Mr. William G. Armstrong, the baritone of the Sherlock Male Quartette, writes from London, where he is pursuing his vocal studies, that he expects to return to Toronto about the end of October.

On July 25th Mr. Rechab Tandy, as musical director of Grimsby Park, gave the second grand concert of the present season, which was a pronounced success in every respect, as shown by the very large audience present in the great Temple building, and the flattering reception of all the singers. On this occasion Mr. Tandy was assisted by Miss Queenie McCoy, Miss Terese Wegener, Miss Carey, Miss Kelly, Miss Snyder (reader), and Mr. W. J. Lawrence. Recalls and encores were the order of the evening, to which most of the singers responded. Miss Louise Tandy presided at the piano with great acceptance to the audience and helpfulness to the singers. Mr. Tandy's management of the concert, as well as the musical portion of the Sabbath services, has, even thus early in the season, proved a great success.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's latest opera, The Rose of Persia, will have its first presentation in New York at Daly's Theater on September 6.

Great Mineral Water Discovery in Preston, Ontario.

Mr. Robert Walder, proprietor of the Hotel Del Monte, satisfied in his own mind for years of the possibility of obtaining beneath the soil of Preston a mineral water that would surpass in strength and curative properties the waters of Mount Clemens, Michigan, has persevered, and his faith has at length been rewarded. At the great depth of five hundred and thirty feet a water was discovered and is now gushing forth in an unlimited quantity which has been awarded the following analysis:

Analysis of Mr. R. Walder's new mineral well, at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, Ontario:
Ontario School of Chemistry and Pharmacy, Toronto, April 2nd, 1900.
Dear Sir:—We have made a careful analysis of the mineral water collected by ourselves from your new spring at the Hotel Del Monte, and beg to report as follows:

Temperature, Fahr.....	48 degrees
Potassium sulphate, grain.....	per gallon..... 4.484
Sodium chloride.....	10.190
Magnesium chloride.....	902
Magnesium sulphate.....	111.102
Calcium sulphate.....	35.284
Calcium bicarbonate.....	110.774
Perous bicarbonate.....	2.190
Silica and alumina.....	1.660
	275.966

Free carbonic acid gas, 7.84 cubic inches, Sulphuretted hydrogen gas, traces.

You will notice on comparing the above analysis with the former analysis of your old wells that the above is very much stronger in salts.

Yours truly,
THOMAS HEYS & SON,
Consulting Chemists.

Moral Degeneracy in the Tropics.

"E" "THE" in a recent article on "A Tainted Atmosphere," remarks: "Harmful as is life in the hot countries to the physical health of white folk, it is much more deleterious to their moral well-being, and it requires men of strong character and high principles to resist the temptations by which they are surrounded, and to remain unaffected by the contaminating influences of the atmosphere which prevails."
Few realize until they take up their residence in tropical countries how much until then they have been restricted in their conduct by the conventionalities of life. It may sound cynical, but there is no doubt that social discipline is maintained to an infinitely greater degree by conventionalities than by principle. It is far less a question of conscience than the fear of what friends and neighbors will say that keeps one in the right path, and most people are in greater dread of forfeiting the regard and esteem of those among whom they are living than their own self-respect.
Take men of this class, men who have been kept from straying from the paths of honor and morality chiefly by conventionalities—that is to say, by a terror of losing the good opinion of their fellow-citizens—and place them suddenly in the midst of a community where official corruption and private dishonesty are regarded as a matter of course, where no ethics of morality exists to act as a restraint on the passions, and where it is not

dishonor and profligacy, but rectitude and morality that are regarded as unconventional, and they will soon lose all notions of right and wrong and become as depraved as the influences by which they are surrounded.

It is not so many years ago that Sir Charles Euan Smith, while engaged in a special mission to Morocco for the purpose of negotiating a treaty between that country and Great Britain, was offered at the last moment a bribe of £30,000 by the Sultan if he would consent to the modification of certain clauses of the agreement that were displeasing to His Moorish Majesty. Sir Charles, in a fit of righteous indignation, tore the treaty into pieces, flung them in the face of the Sultan, and immediately broke off all diplomatic relations with the court of Morocco, replying to his threats with the words: "You may kill me if you like, but it will avail you little; for there will quickly be another British envoy on the spot to take my place; but in that event there will be no longer any Sultan of Morocco."

"Lord Cromer's marvellous success in the reorganization of Egypt has been frequently ascribed to the fact that he had been careful to select as his assistants none but clean-living, high-bred young Englishmen, whose family traditions, loftiness of principle, and sense of self-respect constituted a safeguard to the temptations by which they were surrounded. His plan may be said to be followed by the chiefs of all other branches of British administration in tropical climes, and it is to this that must be ascribed the remarkable immunity of England from scandals in its Indian and colonial dependencies. The white man in tropical countries cannot afford to lower himself to the level of his surroundings. He must remain superior thereto if he wishes to retain not the sympathy but the respect of those with whom his lot is cast, and the only men who are likely to fulfil this condition are those whose home life is controlled not by conventionality but by principle."

"I have decided," said the girl in blue, "that when I marry I shall marry a widower." "Coward!" returned the girl in grey scornfully. Truly, it would seem that a woman should be willing to tame her own husband.

Esson, the famous photographer of Preston, has, this season, for the comfort and convenience of his patrons, fitted up an artistic waiting-room, which is being much admired by the many visitors to the mineral springs town.

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THE ROSSIN BLOCK.

Social and Personal.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Piersol have taken a house at 712 Spadina avenue. Mrs. Piersol will not receive until the first part of October.

Mrs. J. Martyn Hychlinger, of Central Park, Buffalo, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Duggan, of Major street, for a week.

Miss Adelaide Sheppard, of Orillia, accompanied by her friend, Miss Grace Polson, of Toronto, has gone to spend a few weeks with friends in Halifax, N.S.

After spending a very pleasant vacation in the north, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fred Morton of Bloor street returned to the city on Saturday. Mrs. Morton sang with great success in Barrie and Orillia, and her rich and sympathetic voice won the admiration of all who heard her.

Miss H. C. Clarke, of 8 St. James avenue, with her niece, Miss May Clarke, is spending a few weeks at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Leckie have arrived home after a two weeks' honeymoon spent in the Muskoka district. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Simpson have gone to Woodstock to spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Simpson. Miss O'Brien, of Hamilton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith, Gwynne avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McDonnell have returned from an eastern trip, and the many friends of their athletic son, J. S. A. McDonnell, will be pleased to learn he is wielding his pen with the same force as he once wielded lacrosse and hockey sticks. He is at present on the staff of the "Gazette," of Montreal. They also visited a younger son at Mount St. Louis College. After a tour to Longueville, Quebec, St. Anne de Beauport and other places, Mr. McDonnell left for Hastings County, while Mrs. McDonnell returned to Humberview, where, with Miss May McDonnell and Masters O'Neill and Michael, she has spent the past three summers.

Mrs. Fowler is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. A. C. Wallbridge, Belleville. Mrs. Hugh Polson is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Polson, Galt. Miss Maud Waugh is visiting Mrs. A. E. Buchanan, Galt. Mrs. R. F. Knowles and Miss Knowles, of Galt, are spending a couple of weeks with Rev. Robert Knowles, Miss Katie Ball and her sister, Miss Muriel, have gone to Galt, where they will be guests at "The Cellars."

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Goodman have returned after a three weeks' visit to the Rev. F. W. Goodman, in Indiana. Miss M. H. Douglas of New Beach is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hagarty at their beautiful summer residence, Alderdale, Port Credit. Mrs. Frank A. Brady and her children are spending the summer at Woodstock.

Mr. Fred Caldecott left on Saturday for Lawrie Island, Muskoka, to join his wife and family.

Miss May Austin is visiting friends in Port Hope. Miss Ella Blong is at home again after a two weeks' outing in Milton.

The R.C.Y.C. dance held last Monday was a great success indeed. The club house was a perfect picture, the arches on the approach from the wharf and the bridge at the eastern side being prettily lighted with lanterns. The dancing hall was brilliantly illuminated with innumerable petite lamps. There was a much larger attendance than usual. Glenna played superior music, and the boat was delayed on account of the encores, which were frequent. Among the throng were Mrs. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Kearns, Mrs. A. D. and Miss Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. and Miss Reid, Mrs. and Miss Grace Hogaboom, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilia Jarvis, Mr. Samuel Sloan and the Misses Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Robins of Buffalo, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Miss Smith, Miss L. M. Hall, Miss Read, Miss Duckett, Miss Matheson, Miss Wilbur, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wedd, Miss Palmer of St. Catharines, Miss Muriel Bremner, Miss Dot Stout, Miss R. Frazee, Miss McAdams of Sarnia, Miss A. Hobson, the Misses Hughes, the Misses Massey, Miss C. Eby, Mr. K. Beatty and Miss Beatty, the Misses Jones, Miss Baldwin, the Misses Fairbridge, Miss E. White, Miss Hill, Miss L. McDonald, Mr. Forester, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. George Higginbottom, Mr. Bert Reid, Mr. C. Porter, Mr. H. Thorne, Mr. Drummond, Mr. A. Ritchie, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. F. J. Talbot, Mr. R. Cassels, J. W. Beattie, Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Mr. Frank Hughes, Mr. Ross Crozier, Mr. Wade, Mr. Will Lamont, Mr. J. McMurrich, Mr. C. Archibald, Mr. Dynas, Mr. McNally, Mr. N. A. Wylie.

Mr. Samuel Sloan of 4 Wellesley place entertained a party of six at dinner at the R.C.Y.C. on Monday evening.

Mrs. Reid was the hostess of a small dinner party at the R.C.Y.C. last Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Robins of Buffalo are spending a short holiday in the city.

The Misses Wallace, of Leopold street, are spending a few weeks at Port Elgin.

Mrs. R. H. Humphries and Miss Humphries have just returned after spending a month in the pretty town of Cobourg.

Miss Rosaline Webb has just returned to "Inglewood," after a very pleasant visit with her cousin, Mrs. Charles Michell.

At Lakeview Hotel: F. H. Southcott, St. Catharines; Miss M. D. Kilborne, Master Lawrence Harris, Master Howard Harris, Stewart Ward, Toronto; R. J. D'Arcy, Mrs. D'Arcy,

Kingston; Miss Ella Graham, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Dorchester; Mrs. J. Newman, St. Catharines; Rev. E. B. Laneley, wife and family, Kingston; Mrs. J. H. McKinnon, Miss L. B. McKinnon, Toronto; Harry Smith, Franklin, Pa.; Alex. McGregor, Dr. Ziegler and son, Toronto; Elizabeth Leisoy, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. J. H. Housser and family, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Halstead, Mount Forest; Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran, Los Angeles, Cal.; Dr. George D. Porter and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Page, Toronto; Mrs. Craig, Guelph; Eugene Butler, Fred Butler, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; N. Dymet, Barrie; Miss Ethel Tyner, Walpole, N.S.

Mrs. Thomas Webb and Miss Jennie Webb, of "Maplehurst," Brighton, were the guests of Mrs. Frederick Webb, of "Inglewood," on their return from Muskoka.

Mr. Leo Sullivan, of Jarvis street, has returned from a trip to Montreal and New York. Miss Lorena Detwiler, of Berlin, is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Noah Detwiler. Mrs. Carr, of Sherbourne street, and her daughter, Miss Helena Carr, are spending a few weeks at Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Miss Hattie Richardson and Miss Gertrude Veals, who have been camping at Sturgeon Lake for the past two weeks, have gone to Peterborough, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Frederick Morton, of Elcor street, have returned home after a very pleasant visit in Barrie and Orillia.

Dr. Thomas Kerr, 367 Dovercourt road, Rev. Hugh T. Kerr, of Pittsburg, Pa., and their mother, Mrs. William Kerr, started on Wednesday for Europe. They go by the Thousand Islands to Montreal, where they board the steamer Tunisian for Liverpool. Mrs. Kerr will visit her brother in Derby. Rev. Mr. Kerr and his brother will spend their time partly in Edinburgh and the Continent in college work. Dr. Kerr's practice has been left in the care of his brother, Dr. John A. Kerr.

Everybody at Grimsby Park is looking forward to the programme of next week, especially the Tisset paintings and Cleveland Moffett lectures. Numbers are arriving every day so as to be on hand for the three grand entertainments to be given on August 11th, 12th and 13th. The following is a list of latest arrivals:

At Park House: John J. Sadler, Toronto; A. Morrison, William A. Buckle, and wife, T. L. Moore, Hamilton; Miss Ida Featherston, Woodstock; Miss Lena M. Featherston, Embury; Mrs. G. Nulin, Ottawa; John Morrison and wife, Buffalo, N.Y.; Rev. R. Redmond, Charing Cross, W. H. Poole and wife, Miss Eva Poole, W. E. Poole, Niagara Falls; Miss M. Rodenhurst, Ingersoll; A. Cowan, New York; Rev. H. S. Douglass, Brighton; C. Refahart and wife, Mrs. Fisher, Guelph; G. M. McGregor and wife, Hamilton; Mrs. George Wallace, Woodbridge; Mrs. J. F. Orr, Chicago; Arthur Van der Linde, New York; Walter N. Sadler, John T. Simpson, Harry Fensom, W. B. Scott, Toronto; A. E. Baggart, S. E. Walker, London; H. Morgan, Hamilton; Miss K. B. Macdonald, Miss A. E. Perrin, Detroit; Austin Cryster, George M. Overholt, Fonthill; W. A. Gibb, Hamilton; George Jackson, Downsview; John Wilson, Brantford; Marguerite Blain, Brampton, M. E. Watson, Milton; J. Jackson, Hamilton; George H. Fensom and wife, Toronto; G. S. Burch, Niagara Falls; A. G. Sinclair, Port Hope; R. W. Anderson, Shelburne; H. Phelps, A. C. McGuire, St. Catharines; Elmer McIntosh, Hamilton; Frank Kennedy, West Union, Iowa; A. H. Hare, Toronto; Mrs. C. Wheelard, Brantford; L. V. Waldron, Hamilton.

Mrs. E. S. and Mr. A. G. Piper left on Wednesday to spend August at their summer cottage, "Kimo." Mr. Piper is slowly regaining the use of his injured limb.

Among the arrivals at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Dr. J. M. Campbell, Brooklyn; Mr. J. B. Lavell, Guelph; Mr. F. J. Fox, Toronto; Mr. W. T. Bryn Barkwell, London; Mr. H. Walder, Rochester; Mr. H. Walder, Jr., Detroit; Mr. Edward D. Leze, Toronto; Mr. Julius Canelo, Buenos Ayres, S.A.; Mr. Edgar Mills, O.A.C., Guelph; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Youngheart, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Miller, Berlin; Mrs. Henry Totten, Toronto; Mr. Arthur O. Weir, Hamilton; John A. Harkins, Toronto; Mr. W. F. Ferguson and wife, Mr. G. W. Bottoms and wife, St. Louis; Mrs. J. D. Ridout and maid, Toronto; Mrs. R. M. Gray, Miss Jessie Gray, Master Arthur Gray, Toronto; Mr. Charles Vrooman, Montreal; Mr. A. Levy, Hamilton.

A very interesting and keenly contested tennis tournament was held on the ground of the Tremont Park Hotel, Gananoque. Miss A. Coleman, of the Withrow Tennis Club, Toronto, and Mr. J. Richardson, of Gananoque, won the honors. Amongst others who took part were: The Misses Hawthorn, Toronto; Miss Taylor, Gananoque; Misses Ties, of Toronto; Messrs. H. Whittemore, E. C. Coleman, J. and D. Elliott, Toronto, and Dr. Stewart, of Montreal.

Mrs. Charles Godfrey returned to town yesterday and will leave again on Saturday to join a house party in the Thousand Islands.

Colonel Delamere and family, of Toronto, are spending the summer in their cottage on Balsam Lake. Miss Mabel Hall, of Givens street, left on Monday to spend a holiday with her cousin, Miss Edythe Hall, at Bobcaygeon. Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Trotter, of Bloor street, returned home on Monday evening, after a short trip over the Ka-

wartha Lakes. Mr. E. F. Le Roy and his daughter, Miss Le Roy, spent Sunday at Bobcaygeon.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Parsons, of 560 Spadina avenue, entertained a party of their friends on Saturday last by giving a delightful yachting trip to Hamilton and return, calling at Oakville on the way out. The guests were: W. T. Parsons, sr., of St. John's, Newfoundland; Mr. and Mrs. Donald Clark, Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Marshall, Mrs. Noel Marshall, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. McGlashan, Miss Yates, Mr. A. J. Whimby, Montreal; Mr. Sims, Mr. W. J. Webb. At Hamilton the party was pleasantly entertained by some members of the Hamilton Yacht Club.

The fifth of the series of the Aquatic dances was held last Friday in the club house, Center Island, there being a very large number present. All enjoyed themselves immensely. Mr. Gerald Wade, the secretary, as usual looked after all present in his admirable style. Among the number were noticed: Mrs. A. Massey and Miss Mayne, Mrs. D. W. and the Misses Lamont, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. and Miss Kemp, Mrs. and Miss Eastwood, Miss Sauter, Miss Milne, Miss Duckett, Miss Gagon, Miss E. White, Miss Anne Buckner, the Misses Hughes, Miss A. Thompson, Miss E. Helliwell, Miss Winnie Garvin, Miss E. Stirling, Miss Allen Wilbur of New York, Miss E. Platte, Miss C. Nelson of St. Catharines, Miss M. Flaws, Miss E. Young, Geneva, N. Y., Miss B. Pearson, Miss Hill, the Misses McWilliams, Miss Dot Stout, the Misses Hall, Miss Jones, Miss Gerie Johnston and her pretty cousin, Miss Gunciliffe, Miss Ready, Miss Lightbound, Mr. Alan Taylor, Mr. Archibald, Mr. Fortier, Mr. Morrison, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. Wade, Mr. Joffes, Messrs. Fred and Arthur Ritchie, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. Spence, Messrs. Geo. and W. Lamont, Mr. Bert Morrison, Mr. J. McWilliams, Mr. F. Taylor, Mr. F. Hughes.

Mrs. and Miss Emily Falconbridge are spending a week at Barrie.

Mr. Wm. Ball and his daughter, of Chatham, are spending a few days in the city.

Miss H. Keal of Murray street has left for Old Orchard Beach, accompanied by friends from Ottawa, Aid George Forde, Mrs. Forde and Miss Palmer.

Mrs. H. M. Blight and Miss Louise Blight left on Thursday for a two weeks' holiday at Jackson's Point and Port Carling.

Miss Wallbridge has returned from visiting Mrs. George McMurrich, De Grassi Point.

Eccentric Wagers.

The Paris Exhibitions always provoke a crop of eccentric wagers: the latest is that of two Viennese, a merchant and a restaurant keeper, who have made a wager for 5,000 crowns to walk to the Paris Exhibition trundling before them a wine-barrel made to contain over 150 gallons, and empty, weighing not less than four hundred-weight. They are likely to be seven or eight weeks on the journey. A French paper, discussing the novel enterprise, remarks: "We have already had the wheelbarrow man from Vienna, the man who had himself transported as luggage, and the automobile journalist. We are awaiting the announcement that a Viennese has left for Paris with his mother-in-law on his back." Our esteemed contemporary may have to wait for a new breed of mothers-in-law. There have, however, been several cases of Englishmen visiting the Exhibition with their mothers-in-law on their track.

Very Sympathetic

Professor Lianclani, the well-known Roman archaeologist, was conducting the members of one of his university classes round the Forum at the close of the session the other day. He was eloquently expatiating on the historic interests of the place, and pointing out the various relics which have been unearthed. Among the rest he dwelt on the vestiges of the dwellings of the Vestal Virgins, and drew attention to the foundations of their altar, where on the sacred fire burned through all the famous days of Rome. A lady, whose sympathetic nature must be in advance of her brain power, listened with great attention, regarding the relics with wistful eyes. Presently she spoke, "And pray, Prof. Lianclani," said she, "since their temple is ruined down to this, where do the poor things worship now?" Possibly she confounded the modern Sisters of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul with the ancient Vestals. At any rate, Signor Lianclani did not attempt to disentangle her ideas, and her question remains unanswered.

He (as the curtain falls)—My dear, I am just going into the hall to stretch my legs.

She—You've been into the hall three times to stretch your legs, and the last time when you came back they seemed rather weak. I am afraid you are stretching them too much.—From "Modern Society."

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TUESDAY—
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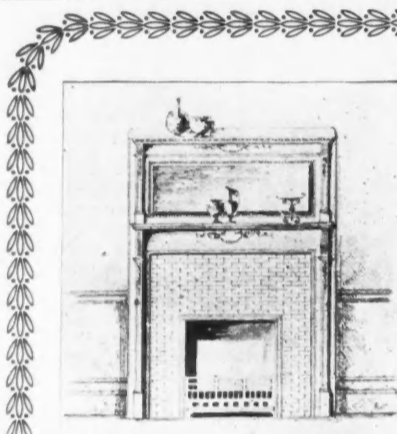
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The Death of Franklin McLeay.

POOR Franklin McLeay, writes the "Green Room" correspondent, "M. A. P." was a man of quite exceptional character. As I have before pointed out in "M. A. P." he was an ardent, patriotic Canadian, had a fine college record both as scholar and athlete, and was, by turns, teacher, politician, and actor.

His record in London began with his well-known Nero in the sign of the Cross. He presented the startling contrast with a force and picturesqueness that caught the town. Mr. McLeay owed his English opportunities to Mr. Wilson Barrett, who discovered him in America, at the Boston School of Oratory. He more than justified Mr. Barrett's expectations, and became in a very short time one of the best-known actors in London. Although he excelled in the delineation of cruel, crafty, and malignant characters, he was a man of sweet nature, bubbling over with kindness. One cannot imagine him ever a boy. He must always have been a gentle, old young man.

Having begun life as a teacher, the sense of responsibility that hangs about a good schoolmaster was ever with him. Almost painfully conscientious, he never ceased studying, perfecting, and polishing whatever role he had in hand. No bit of information was too minute for him to take an interest in. He would gladly spend hours in the British Museum perfecting the detail of a sandal, or some other little thing that no one but himself would ever see. To the art of make-up he was especially devoted, and in respect to it, was unceasingly trying experiments or working out new theories. His disguise as Derrick in Rip was as fine as anything ever seen on the stage.

While he was proud of his athletic record and accustomed to bicycle a great deal, he looked a very frail man, and never had a good color. But his face was so kind, and his manners so sweet, it was always a pleasure to see him. His big blue eyes had an uncommon fashion of lighting up whenever he saw a friend, particularly a child-friend, for he loved children. He was not fond of cards, or clubs, or very late hours, but liked a cosy home-time, with long discussions on art, literature, and the drama.

Like many other actors, he was very generous with his money. The last time I saw him was in his dressing-

room at Her Majesty's at the end of the run of A Midsummer Night's Dream. Disguised beyond recognition as Quince, he was working at high pressure during spare moments on the organization of the Drury Lane benefit for the Ottawa Fire Fund. It was easy to see his heart was in the business, and also that he was overworking himself. Within half an hour three ladies called, asking subscriptions to three different war funds. They were ladies of the company whose services had been enlisted for different entertainments. To each he gave a smile, a pleasant word, and a sovereign. I never saw a man who seemed to take such pleasure in giving.

The special trait of Mr. McLeay was his ambition. He took life with deep seriousness, and never ceased to analyze his work, his life, his opportunities, and his possibilities. At the same time he was not egotistical. It was all pure ambition. It seemed as if he were so slender, because ambition burned like a flame within him, and consumed him. He craved improvement and advancement, and strove to conquer his public. No one will ever know the midnight oil he burned over Cassius, nor what a serious thing the part was to him. And his last role, Iago, in one act of Othello, at the Drury Lane benefit, was the subject of as much feverish ambition and anxious care as if he had been putting it on for an extended run.

After rather a long engagement he married Miss Grace Warner, the actress, about a year and a half ago. Shortly after her marriage, Miss Warner took up the role of Lucie Manette in The Only Way, and played it through the first London run of the piece last year. Since that time she has played leading parts with her father, Charles Warner, at the Princess's Theatre. They lived in Gordon Mansions, and had a large circle of friends.

The young widow has the "deepest sympathy" of all in her hour of trial. The stage, writes Clement Scott, has lost a distinguished scholar, if not a great actor of the future, by the untimely death of the young Scottish-Canadian, Franklin McLeay. In later life we do not make sudden, impulsive friendships, but here was a man so virile, so impetuous, so independent, so fearless, that he appeared to me from the first instant that I met him. The last of three memorable meetings with this genuine, sympathetic creature I am not likely to forget. The first meeting when the combined

tenderness and force of his nature so appealed to me was on his wedding-day, December 18th, 1898. It took place at Christ Church, Woburn Square, and this was the invitation from the fair and gentle daughter of one of my oldest and certainly dearest friends—Charles Warner:

"Please will you and Mrs. Scott go just a few doors from your house Sunday week, the 18th, to see our wedding at one o'clock? Breakfast to follow at the Trocadero. We shall be bitterly disappointed if you can't come. Love from affectionately yours, Grace."

It was the happiest of days. Franklin spoke out his truth with a determination that made the church ring. I knelt behind what I hoped would be the actor and the actress of the future, both young, both handsome, both enamored of their art, ideally mated. We were privileged to see their happy home—the gift of Charles Warner. Again, a vivid memory. Nay, it was only the other day. He had asked me to write some verses for the Memorial Book of the Canadian benefit. I wanted to please him so I wrote "Sister Canada." The verses, once written, it was my first impulse—it always is—to read them to a sympathetic soul. I hurried across the square and found a merry party collected at Gordon Mansions. Youth, happiness, hope, all were there. Would I read what I had written? The ordeal over, he jumped from his seat, his blue eyes sparkling, and, with that delightful smile of his playing round every feature, grasped my hand warmly and said, "The very thing. Thank you. That is just what I wanted."

The last time we met was on the same Canadian business at our own home. We could see he was ill, over-taxed, over-tired, and was doing more than his strength would allow. He had only just finished with Rip, he was daily rehearsing the Othello scene as Iago, the secretarial work for the benefit was prodigious, and he was in an agony of sensitiveness lest his motives might be misunderstood. As near a breakdown on that evening as I ever saw. We parted on the doorstep, and I never saw the kindly creature any more.

After the benefit came the reaction. Brain and nerves gave way. Then came the timely end, and the supreme grief of seeing father and his son, the widow's agony, more and tearless. The stage (concludes Mr. Scott) has lost a scholar student, and I the most staunch and loyal of friends.

Oriental at the Paris Fair.

EVENTS in China affect the prices of straw hats. Canton straw long ago washed out Leghorn and Dunstable. The false Panamas are made of one of its varieties; rice straw is another; and the coarse pallasson straw for garden hats a third. The Chinese can twist and turn the vegetable world as they please. A Chinaman who takes to gardening finds profit and amusement in tricking nature. It was from him that the Jap learned to dwarf trees that look just like giants of the forest seen through the big end of an opera glass. We have at the Exhibition hoary-looking cedars and gnarled oaks that are not two feet high, writes the Paris correspondent of London "Truth." They want nothing but size to be imposing. What is there that Chinese skill and patience cannot accomplish? With patience they say the mulberry leaf will become satin. If I wanted to cover in the course of years a stony mountain with plantations I should give it over to Chinese. The carpet flower-bed is their invention. Their pavilion at the Exhibition ought to humble European artisans. We have nothing in the cabinet-making class that can approach the carved-wood furniture of Canton. Imagine the most intricate open-work carvings in hard massive wood in which the workman's chisel never once went wrong. The blocks that he cut through and turned into fantastic creatures are joined together and form seats, tables, bedsteads, and other kinds of furniture for European houses. They dovetail so perfectly that it would take a Chinese finger to detect the joint; not a rivet, nail, or screw is used in piecing them together. Yet they hold fast in their respective places. The Chinese cabinet-maker does not use glue, nor does the scarcely less patient Hindoo. I have been comparing Chinese and Hindoo carving at the Exhibition. In address the Hindoo is not behind the Chinese; but the spirit behind his work is wholly different from that of the Yellow Man. The Hindoo has a mythology to work upon; the Chinese has only a philosophy. It speaks with sovereign power to the reason, but neglects the imagination. The difference between the Hindoo and the Chinese work is very striking, and yet so subtle that one can no more describe it than the difference between the Chinese of the rose and the European. There is, however, more richness in the Hindoo work, more extravagance, as it were, and more serious gravity in that of Ah Sing. Both adhere to ancestral standards and ideas. The Japanese are adaptable, and do not seem to trouble themselves about their ancestors. Yet it is remarkable how Japanese they remain while imitating so closely Western ways.

The Mikado's retrospective exhibits are the most attractive feature of the Japanese Pavilion. To see them one must have an order from the Japanese Commissioner. There are objects that belonged to his forebears in the time of Caesar, of Hadrian, of Clovis, of Charlemagne. Remember that his dynasty has reigned during twenty-five centuries. There was never any change of House, as in France and in England before and since the Conqueror. The Mikado's dynasty arose about the time Alexander the Great was weeping because he had no more worlds to conquer. For three hundred years or so their executive power was exercised by the Tycoon, who did homage regularly to the Emperor. The Imperial Civil List continued to be paid. A great part of it was expended in encouraging the arts. Imagine the accretion of objects d'art round a throne of such antiquity. Had it not been for fires breaking out in the palaces, there would now be enough and to spare for every royal residence in Europe. The Mikado at first refused to lend anything. But, after some entreating letters from M. Hanotaux, and a letter to himself from M. Felix Faure, he yielded. It appears, however, that he would not risk the finest gems of his collection. Japan in the twenty-five centuries has been like an active verb, always going on from one mood and tense to another. She has not repeated herself. Her different epochs stand out distinctly from each other. Rationalist China is satisfied to let well alone. Her "well" is on a solid basis. Japan has been to China as Prometheus to the gods, always stealing notions from her, and a very Jack the Giant Killer in circumventing and wounding her, but, unlike Jack, never able to inflict a mortal blow.

The Japs have only had Formosa five years. It was a very wild place when they went there. They have already turned the swamps into rice-fields and the friable uplands into tea plantations. The only tea drunk and sold at the Japanese Pavilion is from Formosa. It tastes like strong Pekoe. I cannot say I like it; but the Japs do. They drink it very weak and lukewarm. There is a kind of Formosa tea that costs three francs a cup, and is only drunk in Japan on occasions of high ceremony. The tea-house at the Exhibition is subsidized by the Imperial Government and run by two gentlemanly little Japs. One of them, in showing me specimens of Japanese paper, laughed as heartily as politeness would allow him when I asked whether they used rags in Japan. They only use the bark of a tree. Our paper is poor, tearable stuff compared to theirs. The Japanese paper is as tough as muslin, and is used as tea-table napkins, pocket-handkerchiefs, and children's dresses. The same gentleman was also much amused at my asking him if he did not think the London and Paris police a fine fruit of civilization. "Mercy on me!" he cried; "if you could only see the rules of our Prefecture of Police." What do you think of policemen being ordered to knock gently at doors, and to wipe their feet before they enter? They are not to talk roughly under any circumstances. Rough talk intimidates the innocent, and the hard-hearted criminal does not mind it. In executing search-warrants they are to be careful not to awake sick people or sleeping babies. Above everything else, they are to impress foreigners with the idea of Japanese politeness. When they find a stray dog presumably belonging to a stranger, they are to deal gently with it, as strangers' dogs are used to be treated almost as human beings. No untoward mirth is to be shown at the mistakes of foreigners. Why do not the Japanese open schools for teaching manners to the Westerners?

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car, who stands behind him, immediately orders it to be taken away. The Emperor must never turn a corner when out for a drive. If he is seized with a fancy to drive out, which, fortunately, does not occur often, it means enormous expense, as all the streets must be made straight; if any houses interfere, they are promptly swept away, while even a dried-up watercourse must be spanned with a bridge.

Carpetless Hong Kong.

In spite of all the precautions that have been taken, the perfect sanitation of the city, the fine natural drainage, the cleanliness of the streets, Hong Kong is one of the most unhealthy spots on the globe. With its tropical heat, the lofty peaks that half encircle it catch the clouds that the rapid evaporation creates, and they are squeezed like a sponge, the floods of rain pouring down in streaming torrents.

The houses are ill-ventilated, though built as well as they could be, with perforated ceilings, through which the air circulates, admitted from openings pierced by the outer walls. The floors are brilliantly waxed, carpets, owing to the great dampness, being dispensed with. The great difficulty is to secure light and proper ventilation. The streets are very narrow. In the gardens, while plants flourish luxuriantly, there is no grass, but the ground is green with moss, just as it grows in damp, shady places in cooler climates.

English women who come out with complexions of cream and roses grow thin and sallow. The Hong Kong complexion is a startling greyish green, and the old resident has with this pallor dark bluish circles under the eyes.

"They say a carrier pigeon will go further than any other bird," said the boarder, between bites.

"Well, I'll have to try one," said the landlady. "I notice a fowl doesn't go far."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Comerford—July 31, Mrs. Charles E. Comerford of Buffalo, N.Y., a daughter. Haggerty—July 25, Mrs. J. W. Haggerty, a son. French—July 26, Mrs. E. French, a daughter. Gooderham—July 23, Mrs. W. H. Gooderham, a daughter. Church—Kincardine, July 30, Mrs. H. W. Church, a daughter. Green—July 24, Mrs. George Ernest Green, a daughter. Howard—July 25, Mrs. F. G. Howard, a son. Hyde—July 29, Mrs. B. Hyde, a son. Evans—July 28, Mrs. C. M. Evans, a daughter. Munro—July 31, Mrs. L. Munro, a daughter. Hollinghead—July 29, Mrs. Wm. Hollinghead, a daughter. Moore—July 30, Mrs. Jas. H. Moore, a daughter.

Marriages.

Shaw—Denny—On August 1st, at 24 Wellesley Place, by Rev. W. Hoyes, Clark, rector St. Barnabas' Church, Alexander Campbell Shaw of Perth to Elizabeth Denny daughter of Mr. John Denny Toronto. Carvell—McNaughton—July 18, Albert Carvell of Montreal to Elizabeth P. McNaughton. Carpenter—McCarthy—July 31, Arthur O. Carpenter of Chicago to Lucy McCarthy. Redington—Dennis—Port Stanley, July 28, Henry Charles Redington of Toronto to Abigail Eleanor Dennis of St. Thomas. Phillips—Waucho—July 26, Charles Phillips to Margaret Waucho. McManus—Canney—July 24, P. McManus of Anacosta, Montana, to Mary Canney. Hannay—Woods—July 25, James W. Hannay of Prince Albert, Sask., to Emma O. Woods. Sutherland—Griest—July 29, J. A. Sutherland

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land to Nora Grisel.

Deaths.

Dillon—July 31, Mary M. Dillon, aged 1. Callaghan—July 30, Charles Callaghan, aged 54. Gray—July 30, Edna Marion Gray, aged 8 months. Smith—July 31, Jesse Smith, aged 68. Thompson—Chas. Leonard Thompson, aged 3. Armstrong—John Armstrong, aged 76. Houghton—July 29, Nellie Houghton Grant—July 25, Elizabeth Grant. Barrington—July 28, Mrs. Thomas Barrington, aged 74. Haggarty—July 25, Mrs. Abigail Haggarty. Ryan—July 25, Mrs. Michael Ryan, aged 65. Bentley—July 26, Mrs. Catherine Mackenzie Bentley. Willis—July 25, Hugh Gordon Willis, aged 21. Gallaugher—July 25, Nancy B. Gallaugher, aged 97. Rogerson—July 28, Wm. Rogerson, aged 40. Hutchinson—July 29, Wm. Hutchinson, aged 6. Willson—July 29, John Willson, aged 90. Johnston—July 25, Margaret Johnston, aged 43.

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